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WILLIAM O'BRIEN,
AUCTIONEER,
REAL-ESTATE-BROKER,
And Commission Merchant.

WINDSOR,

NOVA SCOTIA.

HOTEL THOMAS,

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Gerrish Street, - Windsor, N. S.

YATTAOKY DILL
—* SURGEON * DENTIST. *—
YATTAOKY DILL,
ESTABLISHED IN 1873.

Office in Rooms over Bennett Smith & Sons' Office,
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— DEALER IN —

FIRST-CLASS FRUITS, CONFECTIONERY & CIGARS.

Temperate Drinks of all Kinds. - Ice Cream & Oysters in season.

Gerrish Street, Windsor, N. S.

THE FISHERY LAWS OF THE PROVINCE OF NOVA SCOTIA.

TABLE OF CLOSE SEASONS, 1890.

KINDS OF FISH.	CLOSE SEASON.
Salmon, (net fishing).....	15th August to 1st March.
Salmon, (angling).....	15th August to 1st Feby.
Speckled Trout, (<i>Salvelinus fontinalis</i>), Large Grey Trout, Winninish and land-locked Salmon,	1st October to 1st April.
Sea-Bass.....	1st March to 1st October.
Smelts.....	1st April to 1st July.
Smelt bag-net fishing prohibited except under license. The use of smelts for manure is prohibited.	
Lobsters, (Atlantic coast from Canso to Shelburne County and the coast fronting the Bay of Fundy).....	1st July to 31st December.
Lobsters, (remaining waters of Nova Scotia).....	15th July to 31st December.
Oysters.....	1st June to 15th September.

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→ Dry * Goods * Emporium. ←

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The Newest and Best Makes at Low Prices.

Millinery and Staple Goods, Ulster and Mantle Cloths, a Specialty.

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ROONEY BROTHERS.

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Finest Apple and Plum Trees.

All sales last year gave entire satisfaction. Apply to or send your orders to

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Gerrish Street, Windsor, N. S.

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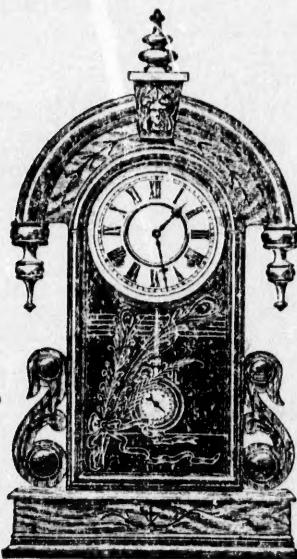
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SILVERWARE, ETC., always on hand.

Everything of the Best; Prices Low.

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29 inch Grey Drills,

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Windsor Rattan Co.,

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RATTAN & REED FURNITURE.

**Chairs, ♦ Rockers, ♦ and ♦ Drawing
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☞ Cuts and Prices Furnished on Application. ☞

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*** Furniture.***

Persons intending to furnish Private Houses, Hotels, etc., will find it to their advantage to inspect our stock and get our prices, or correspond with us.

 **Best Value for the Least Money.**

GOODS CAREFULLY PACKED FREE OF CHARGE.

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BOOTS, * SHOES * & * RUBBERS.

AMERICAN FINE SHOES A SPECIALTY.♦

A Full Assortment of American and Canadian Fine Rubber Shoes kept in stock. Ladies will find our store fitted up nicely for trying on shoes.

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WINDSOR, N. S.

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Large Sample Rooms. Hot and Cold Water Baths.

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Windsor, N. S., Jan. 1st, 1890.

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Water Street, Windsor, N. S.

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♦ GROCERIES. ♦

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TEA and COFFEE

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Our Coffee is Ground Fresh on the Premises as ordered.

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Of the Best Manufacture always kept in stock.

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And in fact, we keep everthing that is found in a well equipped
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DRY + GOODS + WAREHOUSE,

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GOODS

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Dedication.

I take the liberty of dedicating this work to that class of my fellow-countrymen who go down to the sea in ships, and toil amid the incessant dangers of the deep;

The Men of the Merchant Marine and Fishermen of Canada.

Windsor, Nova Scotia,

January, 1890.

Commercial Bank OF WINDSOR.

INCORPORATED 1866.

Authorized Capital,	- - -	\$500,000
Paid up Capital,	- - - -	260,000
Reserve Fund,	- - - -	60,000

G. P. PAYZANT, President.

WALTER LAWSON, Cashier.

Deposits received and interest allowed. Collections promptly attended to. Sterling and American Exchange bought and sold.

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ROSE CARNEY.

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THOMAS B. SMITH.

WINDSOR, N. S.:

JAS. J. ANSLOW, BOOK, NEWSPAPER, AND GENERAL JOB PRINTER.

1890.

*Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year
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Nets cannot be set or seines used so as to bar channels or bays.

The catching or killing of the young of any fish is prohibited.

Netting Speckled Trout is illegal.

A general weekly close-time is provided in addition to special close seasons.

The use of explosives, or poisonous substances for catching or killing fish is illegal.

The depositing of sawdust or other deleterious substances in the water is prohibited, under penalty not exceeding one hundred dollars.

Mill-dams must be provided with efficient fish passes; the place, form and capacity to be determined by the local fishery officer.

Fishing grounds must not be polluted by fish offals.

No nets for catching Salmon allowed above head of tide.

Trap-nets, fish-pounds or bag-nets cannot be used except under license.

Fish must not be molested while passing or attempting to pass through fishways or surmounting obstacles.

The above enactments and close seasons may be supplemented in special cases, under authority for the Fisheries Act, by a total prohibition of fishing for stated periods.

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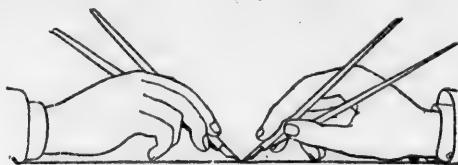
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Nothing more strikingly illustrates the change that has come over the face of the earth, than the fact that if you would find the best of everything you must seek it among the kings of trade, for they are the real kings, to-day. Not the nominal kings of nations.

What laborer, mechanic or professional man but would gladly possess himself of the ability to manage his business and financial affairs successfully? Many an ordinary man remains such for the lack of an education which he might get in a few months in a business college. Are you competent? Are you ready? My primer will be sent free if you will but ask for it.

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ROSE CARNEY.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE DECK OF THE "GREEN ISLE."

"GREEN ISLE" was the name of a full-rigged ship lying at anchor in Melbourne harbour in the month of August in the year 1867. On the 20th of the month, two young Englishmen, one a native of a northern, the other of a southern county, met for the first time. Their meeting took place on the deck of the British ship "Green Isle." The names of the young men were Mintha and Pinson. William Mintha and Charles Pinson were their nautical names. The former was in his eighteenth year, the latter in his nineteenth. They were well trained, and well educated boys, belonging to aristocratic families. Each had just received his baptism of the sea, one on board the clipper ship "Swallow," the other on board the "Green Isle."

Pinson, who had gone out to Australia in the "Swallow," not fancying the brutal nature of one of the officers, had made up his mind to skip, and join the first vessel ready to depart for England. One of the crew of the "Green Isle" having deserted, and the ship being ready to sail, Pinson was engaged by the captain, and as soon as he had signed articles, was rowed off to the ship.

The story of the career of Mintha and Pinson does

N. S.

not commence as many of the stories of the present age. Their meeting was not near some shady lawn, where the streaming moonlight poured its silvery showers through the branches of stately oaks and elms, and where pretty flowers adorned the pathway and gladdened the eye. Nor was it in a garden lying close to a baronial hall, where female beauty, decked with precious gems, shot in and out from among the trees and shrubbery supported by true and false lovers. Neither was it on some lonely isle, where great white tassels swinging from every tree in the breeze which swept down the glade, tossed in their faces a fragrant snow of blossoms, and glittering drops of perfumed dew. The air was not heavy with the scent of flowers, neither was the cheerful song of birds heard, nor did the gentle cooing of doves fall softly on the ear.

No! these young men met on a more rugged pathway of life, where human butterflies faint and die. Their meeting was on deck of a beautiful ship as she swung to and fro at anchor. Beyond the vista of the sea opened. Overhead gaskets were being untied and sails loosened. All about was hauling and belaying. Officers were giving commands. Tugs were puffing and whistling, and the weighing of the anchor, and the song of a dozen blue jackets as they jerked inch by inch the heavy cable in upon the deck, made the hour of sailing business-like and lively.

“We’re bound for jolly Hingland
And her lasses on the shore.”

The strong and healthful perfumery of the tar-pot and the bracing breeze coming in through Port Philip stra

Heads, seemed to cheer and invigorate the two young men as they became acquainted and shook hands at the forecastle door.

Mintha and Pinson were placed in the same watch, and during the three months they were shipmates on board the "Green Isle," they formed the basis of a friendship, that was not strained during occasional intervals in which they never met, and was not broken at times when all traces of each other had disappeared.

On the passage home the ship was wrecked. As the "Green Isle" approached the mouth of the English Channel the weather became thick and squally, after which a heavy southwest gale sprang up, and blew with increasing force for four days; the gallant ship all this time was drifting nearer and nearer the Irish coast, till on the fourth night, amid sleet and wind, she dashed upon the breakers, and long before the morning light had crept upon the shore, she had pounded and washed into a thousand pieces.

All hands on board the ill-fated ship were saved, through the heroic conduct of Michael Carney and his son, a lad of seventeen years, who lived in a cabin near the coast, and only a few hundred yards from where the ship had struck. Carney was a poor Irishman living in a dilapidated cabin, his principal occupation being that of a fisherman, and his son for three or four years had been his only companion and assistant in the boat, as he toiled night and day to support his family.

In the terrible November storm, as the "Green Isle" lay straining and pounding against the rocky coast in

the black gloom of midnight, young Michael Carney accompanied his stout-hearted father in their frail boat to the wreck. Several times during their perilous journey through the surf and sea to the wrecked vessel they were in imminent danger of being hurled to death among the breakers, or wrapped to everlasting sleep in a watery, winding sheet. But through darkness, hail, wind, and the greatly troubled waters, they bravely held on their way, escaping the jaws of death as if by fate. At length they stood upon the broken, shivering ship. The wreck was but half a mile from the shore.

They found the crew huddled together in the stern of the vessel, and with great difficulty and danger they reached them; their journey after they had got to the ship's side was perilous indeed. Through the wind and roar of the ocean, they were not able to make their voices heard by the sailors. Young Carney crawled over tangled ropes, broken spars and shredded canvas, as these surged and pounded against what was left of the vessel's deck. At intervals the ship would lift and descend with a shock and crash, that seemed to paralyze and stupify the brave young Irishman. Through the gross darkness, wind, sleet and racing seas, he held to his work with all his strength. But as the moments flew, with them also went his strength. Foot by foot and inch by inch, with the courage of a lion and motion of a snail, he had gained the mizzen shrouds, but not a moment too soon, for as he grasped at the hempen rope he missed, and fell unconscious into the lap of a sailor crouched beneath the splintered rail. Word was passed from man to man; the sailors crawled together around

the little hero. In a few minutes the Irish lad was able to speak, he told his mission, and then a salute, royal from twenty-four hearts of shivering oak was carried on the wings of the wind to the grand old Irishman, who with failing strength and lion heart, had kept his little boat from being torn in pieces by the waves and the ship. The only mast left standing in the torn and battered wreck was the mizzen. Two of the crew volunteered to crawl to where the old man Carney was; their progress was slow, was beset with all the difficulties and dangers that had surrounded the boy. They reached the man, and with great difficulty extricated him from the tangled rigging. He was insensible, bleeding, bruised and torn, the gunwale of the boat was stove in, and she was partially filled with water. The oars were safely housed under the seats. The two sailors got the old man into the boat and pulled her to the ship's quarter. By this time the only remaining boat of the "Green Isle" had been launched, and all hands climbed over into the boats, and young Carney piloted them to a safe landing place, more than three-quarters of a mile distant. The old man knew not where he was until he regained consciousness next morning in his own cabin home.

Captain Creden, of the "Green Isle," remarked in the morning, as he stood upon the shore overlooking the scene of the wreck, "An unseen hand must have been at the helms of the deeply laden boats, or I should not be here to view all that is left of my ill-fated ship."

About noon the storm had passed by, and the at-

mosphere was clear. All that was left of the ship was a portion of her stern lifted high upon the rocks. The whole of the forward part to the mizzen hatch had disappeared. The crew, all told, consisted of twenty-four souls. They were kindly cared for by the Carney family, not out of their abundance, but out of their penury. In the afternoon four men went to the wreck and brought on shore the cabin furniture and some of the effects of the captain and officers. The crew lost everything except the clothes in which they stood. There was no other cabin, or fisherman's hut, within two miles of Michael Carney's, and nothing scarcely in the shape of provisions had been saved from the ship.

The Carney family consisted of Michael and Bridget, (his wife), two sons and three daughters, the eldest girl, Rose, being in her fifteenth year. The crew of the "Green Isle," as they slept huddled together on the cabin floor, completely covered it with a carpet of slumbering humanity. Its original covering, the green of the earth, had long ago been worn away, root and blade. The twenty-four forms rested upon the brown earth. The family slept in bunks nailed to one side and end of the cabin. Two days and two nights the hut of the Irish fisherman was the lodging place of the crew.

On the morning of the third day they were conveyed to Cork. Before leaving, the captain presented to his host several articles saved from the wreck, namely, two settees, four chairs, a clock, two marine paintings, one representing a brigantine beating out of Havana harbour, the other a barque lying-to in a gale of wind off

Sandy Hook, and a smaller one, representing a pilot boat running toward a ship off the Isle of Wight.

These articles were graciously received, and when they were arranged in the single room of Carney's hut, they formed a striking contrast with the other articles of furniture, which consisted of two wooden benches and four bunks. In fact, the cabin was as destitute of furniture, when the crew arrived, as a Mic-Mac's wigwam, and more so. In a few days after leaving Carney's, the captain and his crew arrived at Liverpool, and from there went to London.

The owners of the "Green Isle," when they were told of Michael Carney's bravery, and the exertions of his gallant son, sent through an agency at Cork a sum of money to the father, and a marine glass to the son, suitably inscribed.

Attachments are formed in a cabin home as well as in a palacial residence; those formed in the former are, as a rule, as sincere, deep and lasting, as those formed in the latter. The Carneys were very poor, honest and happy. They were kind and affectionate one to the other. All the children were smart, active, and quick to perceive. They listened to the sailors' stories with an interest and reserve, that would have done credit to children in other and better circles of society.

The entire family appeared to be united by a bond of love. In their ignorance, poverty and desolation, the children were as happy and kind as if trained in a model home. Possibly not one of the inmates of that Celtic cabin had ever heard (no one of them could read)

the following lines, but they spoke them forth in their lives.

"If solid happiness we prize,
Within ourselves this jewel lies ;
And they are fools who roam ;
This world has nothing to bestow ;
From out ourselves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut,—our home."

The hut of the Carney's was situated at the base of a steep, uneven hill. A couple of good-sized trees stood on the hill slope, in rear of the hut, and a few smaller ones and a thicket of bushes completely sheltered it on the sea side. Leading down to the bushes was a grassy plot; an opening in the thicket was closed by a gateway of movable bars.

On the morning that the crew were mustering for their departure, William Mintha was found missing. Several of the men at once volunteered to look up their absent comrade. Charles Pinson, who had walked toward the shore, stood for some minutes admiring the grand, rugged scenery of the coast, and breathing in what he termed "morning glory," fresh from the Atlantic ocean. At length he sat down on a large boulder beneath the shade of some bushes. While sitting there his quick ear caught the faint sound of voices. He rose and walked to the edge, or rather the end of the thicket, and as he peered around, he saw in the distance Rose Carney, sitting on the top bar of the gateway. She was dressed in grey homespun, and on her head she had her eldest brother's cap. Her bare brown feet and ankles were dangling against the lower bars.

Leaning over the top bar was William Mintha, with

his brown head resting on the front of Rose's dress. She was holding fast to the bar with her right hand, and with the left she was stroking the short brown locks on the side of Mintha's head.

Neither of the young lovers appeared to notice Pinson, and he returned to the boulder, there to sit for a while and smoke his pipe. At length Pinson thought to delay longer would not be proper. He started from his resting place and cautiously walked around the end of the thicket, and keeping a close haul along the edge of the wood, he soon stood within a few feet of the lovers. Rose was weeping, and nervously tapping her heel against one of the lower bars, while Mintha's right arm girdled her waist, his head resting on her left shoulder, and in his left hand he held her right. Pinson espied a narrow pathway leading through the bushes right up to one end of the bars. This he entered, and noiselessly crept toward the pair, who hung upon the gate, and upon each other.

As he drew quite near, he observed that Mintha was looking steadily at Rose's downcast eyes. She was quiet and lamb-like, not a feature of her face moved, even her heel was at rest. Mintha appeared to tighten his hold around her waist, as with a tear rolling down his sunburnt cheek, he said, "Rose; my Rose, I must soon part from you, the rest of my shipmates, I know, are waiting for me."

At these words her head dropped forward, and her full chin rested upon her ample bosom. Mintha planted a kiss upon her finely arched forehead; a

pink tint stole into her pale face, and she pressed her lips to his.

He loosened his arm from her waist, assisted her from the bars, looked at her in silent admiration, and said to her, as she looked sideways upon the ground, "Rose, I hope soon to meet you again. If I am spared to make another voyage, then at its close I shall come here to see you."

"How long will it be?" she gently asked.

"Not very long. It may be four months, unless I go among the Monsoons," replied Mintha.

As he finished speaking, he put his arms around her plump neck, and almost as quickly she tightly clasped him around the waist, gently their lips touched, yet seemed to stick. Mintha looked at her with sorrowing eyes, and then nestled his head upon her agitated breast, and with trembling voice repeated these lines:

"Thou art that all to me, love,
For which my heart did pine—
A Green Isle in the sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine,
All wreathed with fairest fruits and flowers,
And all thou art is mine."

"Rose," he continued, "do you love me?"

"Yes, Will, I do, with all my heart, and it will almost break if you do not come here soon again to see me."

They drew apart, and Mintha, taking her hand, pressed it to his lips, stepped back a pace, bowed, turned, and walked rapidly toward the cabin.

Rose threw her arms over the bar, and placing her right cheek on her left arm, she wept aloud. And there Pinson left her, his own heart being saddened by the moanings of the sea and the sorrows of Rose Carney.

CHAPTER II.

AN IRISH BALLET GIRL.

MICHAEL CARNEY had a friend, (a dock labourer), living at Liverpool, who had gone over to England some years previously. This friend occasionally wrote to Carney, and the day before the sailors left for Cork, he (Carney) received a letter from his friend. Michael read the letter, or rather got Mintha to read it. The captain of the "Green Isle" and one of his officers were present. The epistle read as follows:—

DEAR MICK:—

There is plenty o' work here and I am doin wel here, putin by a little for a moist day. If ye will come over here as I rote ye afore time ye would do well Meekle. Git yer thraps together and come. Molly and Patsy is well and sends love to yourself and Mistrs. Git Jim O'Rourke to write and say ye'll come. From yer's old friend,

JIM O'NEILL.

Upper Pitt Street, Liverpool,

November 2, 1867.

Captain Creden gathered from Carney's conversation that he was anxious to go over to Liverpool or some other English seaport town.

Michael Carney was a rough, uneducated son of

Erin. He was a practical sort of fellow, and brim full of fun. He possessed a large share of native humour, and while the sailors were at his cabin, he did his best to make them forget their troubles. He told many extraordinary stories, some coined and delivered off-hand.

In the spring of the following year he went to the town of Cork, taking his eldest son along with him. He made arrangements with the skipper of a coasting schooner for a passage to Liverpool, and toward the latter part of April, 1868, Michael Carney, his wife (Bridget), and their five children sailed from Cork in the schooner "Celeste" for Liverpool.

The day Carney and his family arrived at the latter port, they were met by their old friend Jim O'Neill. Michael and Jim spent the whole of the next day in looking out a residence suitable to the taste of Michael. They found one and engaged it. It was situated in the block next to where O'Neill lived, in Upper Pitt Street. The house had been for years a well known resort for sea-faring men, especially that class of sailors known as mates. The former proprietor was an old Scotch sea captain, who had sailed a few days before Carney's arrival. The old Scotchman had left for San Francisco with his family to look after a small fortune left to him by an only brother, who had recently died on the Pacific Slope.

Michael Carney went into business with a capital of £160. The owners of the "Green Isle" had presented him with £100, and he had saved about £60 in twenty years' fishing and farming. He opened the house as a

sailor's lodging, and for the first few months was instructed in his proceedings by his friend, Jim O'Neill, who had picked up some points during his six years sojourn in the city. The establishment prospered from the day of its opening, and at the close of two years Carney had banked £600. Rose and the younger children were sent to school, the eldest son assisted his father during the day, and in the evenings was taught to read and write by the better class of sea-faring men who visited the house. Jim O'Neill came to the place every evening and assisted Carney at the bar and in his accounts. Bridget (Michael's wife) was a motherly and kind woman, and soon became a great favourite among those who called and those who lodged at the establishment. The house had the reputation of being a respectable sailor's home. Many Nova Scotian sea-faring men have, in days gone by, called in at Carney's, and some have made it their home while ashore in Liverpool.

Rose, the eldest daughter, was admired and petted by all who saw her. She was continually the recipient of presents from kind-hearted sailors. Rose was naturally modest, and accepted these gifts in a manner that would have done credit to many young women whose early training had been very much superior. If Rose was modest, she was also naturally impulsive and warm-hearted. Music halls and theatres were for her frequent places of resort. After she had gone to school for about sixteen months, she seemed to tire of the tedium of study. At length she became so enamoured with the stage, that she made up her mind to enter a music

hall as a ballet dancer. Her father used to say, "that Rose being at the music halls, dance halls and theatres every night, nightly, ought to graduate." At this time she was sixteen years old, a pretty dancer, and possessed a graceful figure. She consulted her father respecting her desire to go upon the stage, but he would not consent to her wish. Rose, who had a mind and will of her own, was determined to follow her inclination. She skipped off to London, and a few weeks later appeared at the Alhambra as a ballet dancer. While at school in Liverpool she was known among her classmates as an attentive and quick scholar, and when she left school, she could write and read well and recite excellently. She was not long at the Alhambra before she became the attraction of many young men, and possibly many older ones, too, who frequent music halls. She was an intelligent, handsome Irish lass, full-blooded, and her action and manner were charming. She possessed a clear, well rounded voice, with just enough native accent to make her words attractive and interesting.

A gentleman of taste and refinement who accompanied a Nova Scotia ship-master on business to Michael Carney's, just previous to Rose leaving for London, has said, that "the most interesting object he met in his visit to the house, was Rose, the pretty Irish bar-maid," (she at odd times would attend her father's bar). The gentleman remarked to the Captain, after they had returned to the Washington Hotel, "that Rose Carney was the prettiest Irish girl he had ever seen,

and" continued he, "the Irish girls I consider the prettiest in the world."

"With one exception," replied the Captain; "let me tell you sir, that Nova Scotia and New Brunswick have, according to numbers, produced the finest looking women in the world."

Said the gentleman, "I agree with what you say, and it is agreed by most all who have travelled through those provinces, that it is the exception to meet ugly women there, and the cities of Halifax and St. John for years have been classed with Dublin as producing the finest looking girls in the world."

"Yes," replied the Captain, "but the country portions of Nova Scotia are where you will see the perfection of blooming beauty, and if the Queen of England should ever visit Canada, and especially that portion known as the Maritime Provinces, she would probably write of the Canadian women in similar language to that in which she has expressed her opinion of those of Ireland. You know, sir, that she has stated in her diary 'that every third woman she met while in Ireland was beautiful, and some of them remarkably so, and that their eyes are simply lovely.' And, sir," continued the Captain, "I was reading in the 'Times' the opinion of a gentleman respecting Irish women. He has said in that paper, 'Go where you will, I defy you to find an Irish woman who is otherwise than naturally distinguished, the very bar-maids being superior in bearing and speech to many English Duchesses. They triumph over the English women with their soft, creamy complexions, their large, appealing grey-blue eyes and long

lashes, and a sort of indescribable and demure coquetry, yet thoroughly modest manners. Their hair and eyes are simply lovely, and, apart from personal charms, it is impossible not to admire the general grace and dignity of the daughters of the Emerald Isle.' And the article from which I have quoted concludes as follows: 'And, looking back, the list of Irish beauties is a long one, histories of the extraordinary loveliness of the three Miss Gunnings are written, who, when they came up to London, had actually to be escorted in Hyde Park by a guard of soldiers sent by order of the Secretary of State, so overwhelming was the crowd pressing upon them. Then there was Lady Denny, Lady Cahir, Lady Clare, and many others, not forgetting to mention the present young Duchess of Leinster, one of the most beautiful and attractive women of this or any other day.'"

As they were winding up their conversation and preparing to depart from the Washington, a wealthy Liverpool ship-broker was shown into the room. His business was to see the Captain, who related to the broker a portion of the conversation previous to his entering the room.

"Well," said the broker, "I was out through many parts of Nova Scotia a year or more ago, and I do believe that I never saw so many handsome girls anywhere as I did in that fair province. The English, Scotch and Irish women are said by many persons to be the finest looking women in the world, and it may be that the Irish girls, as a rule, are the prettiest of the three countries, but I saw handsomer lasses in Nova Scotia

than I ever saw or expect to see in these countries, and some of the prettiest girls I saw were in the country districts. "Rose Carney," continued he, "is, I admit, exceptionally handsome; she, like many of the Nova Scotia girls I saw, has been regularly and beautifully developed by steady work and good air, plain food and not too artistic cooking. I was introduced to Rose at her father's house, while there in company with one of my ship-masters, and when in London the other evening, I went to the Alhambra to see her dance. She looked most charming in her *ballet* dress and dancing slippers. I called to see her before leaving the big city, and I must say that I never saw a girl who possessed such powers of attracting, moving, controlling, captivating and holding one almost spell-bound, while in her presence." And, looking out of the corner of his keen black eye, he finished by saying, "You know I am well up in the sixties, but a girl who is more graceful than the elm, and with a rotundity and solidity like an English oak, and a face indescribably beautiful, is so rare an object that even the sixties and seventies may be pardoned, when in her presence they get off a point or two."

"Now, gentlemen," continued he, "as we must bring this conversation to a close, to engage and figure in things of more immediate importance, let me say, as I have heard many others say, that the Nova Scotian women, as a whole, are unsurpassed for their well balanced organizations, regular features, and, I shall also add, that they possess the prettiest hands and feet of any women in the world."

CHAPTER III.

ADRIFT ON THE ATLANTIC.

Pinson and Mintha did not remain long on shore. Soon after arriving in London they shipped as ordinary seamen on board the British ship "Cloacina," bound for New York. The round voyage occupied nearly four months, and they were discharged at Liverpool.

The day following their discharge, Mintha crossed the channel, and, arriving at Dublin, he at once proceeded to the south-west coast of Ireland to pay a visit to his fair Rose in her cabin home. After knocking about Liverpool for a couple of weeks, Pinson shipped on board the English ship "Hesione" for an American port. Mintha arrived from Ireland a day or two before Pinson's ship was ready to sail. He was much cast down; in fact he was gloomy. He had not seen Rose. He sailed from Liverpool before the mast in the same vessel with Pinson.

He told Pinson that he could find no trace of the Carney family, they had forsaken the cabin, and the hut was inhabited by a family not one of whom could speak or understand the English language. He had found out from another family living two miles distant from where the Carneys had lived, that the latter had left the place a short time previously, but where they had gone he could not ascertain.

While Pinson and Mintha were shipmates on board the "Cloacina," Mintha's heart would beat quickly and his conversation become animated whenever Pinson

mentioned to him some incident connected with their two day's stay on the Irish coast; but when he would quietly mention the farewell over the bars, Mintha would invariably turn away, with a tear in his eye, and with agitated voice reply, "Charlie, I wish you'd furl up on that business."

On one occasion as they paced the deck of the "Cloacina," during the second watch, while the ship was heading for New York, Mintha remarked to his companion, that the happiest moments of his life were those when he lounged over the bars beside Rose Carney in view of the broad ocean, and every wave of the sea seemed to bow at their presence, and sing a song of farewell.

As the two friends sailed across the western ocean, on their second voyage, increasing the distance each day between Liverpool and themselves, they had not the least knowledge that only a street had separated them during their stay in the latter port, from where Michael Carney was then living, and on several occasions they had passed the home of Rose.

The ship ran out to New York in twenty-two days; was re-chartered to load for London. She sailed out from Sandy Hook with a fair breeze, and all went well until she had reached to the eastward of Newfoundland. Her passage up to this point had been remarkably quick, her time being six days. Several new hands were shipped in New York to take the places of those who had ran away from the vessel. Amongst them was a carpenter. This latter personage rates as an officer on board a merchantman. The new carpenter

had never before been at sea. He had worked for years in the ship yards of the State of Maine. He was a peculiar looking and acting individual. His features were quite angular, his complexion sallow; his body was long and lanky, and his limbs proportionately so. His arms hung by his sides, like loosened shrouds beside a mast. His feet were long and thin, and toe joints prominent. He spoke through two organs. When he walked his feet formed an angle of one hundred and twenty degrees. His step was a sort of flop, and he booted over with spread eagleism. He had a keen, watery eye, a high brow and pleasant smile. He was kindly disposed, and in a day or two after leaving port, he became quite a favourite among the crew.

On the evening of the seventh day out, the wind, which had been blowing strongly from the south-west, since the ship left New York, suddenly changed to west and blew a gale. The Captain, though a commander of many years experience, had always been known as one of those reckless men who carry sail too long. He was noted for making quick runs, and strange to say, he rarely met with an accident at sea. But many a sailor who had sailed under his command predicted that a terrible disaster awaited him on the ocean, and the prediction of these men was about to be fulfilled.

Although the "Hesione" pitched, plunged, and strained under her heavy press of canvas, not a stitch was taken in. The ship was running fourteen knots an hour, and she was deeply laden with grain. Every rope and spar seemed strained to its utmost.

So great was the pressure on the ship, that she appeared to roll and plunge in pain.

Mintha and Pinson were together on the watch. The night was dark and dismal. At about eleven o'clock they noticed the carpenter creeping forward. He mounted the forward house and there examined carefully two of the ship's boats. He then descended from the house top, and as he passed the two men, Mintha and Pinson, he said, "Wa-al, be-hoys, I sheoud kind o' think if she keeps along on this ar line, befor morning she'll be like a bird without flappas."

To this salute Mintha and Pinson made no reply. The first officer was in charge of the ship, and the Captain had just been called. Presently the carpenter reappeared ; he was pulling along after him a large wooden chest. Just as he approached the main hatch the ship gave a desperate plunge and careened till her yard-arms almost touched the water. Down went the carpenter and his chest ; over and over they rolled till they brought up against the port stanchions. In a few minutes old Chips was staggering to his feet, then he started forward, drawing the box after him.

He reached the forward house without further accident, when he quietly stepped toward Pinson and Mintha, and said :

"Be-hoys, she lays we-el to her work, but by the State of Wisconsin she won't lay long. I am be-ound to save some old clothes ; give me a hand, he-arty's, to put this old box on te-op of the house."

They replied that they did not consider there was any present danger, at the same time giving him a

hand. When the chest was placed upon the house, old Chips, instead of going back to his bunk, sat on his box. The wind was blowing stronger than any time during the night. The Captain was now on deck; orders were given to stand by the top-gallant halyards, and these sails were taken in. The ship was steering badly, and another man was called to assist at the wheel; and just as the order escaped from the Captain's mouth to stand by the topsail halyards, a very heavy sea boarded the ship, and carpenter and chest were invisible.

Just as Mintha and others of the crew were stepping from the rail to the main rigging, he heard through the whistling wind the words, "Thre-ow a line! Thre-ow a line!" Pinson shouted, "A man overboard!" The first and second officer ran to the rigging, and a few feet forward they saw a human form across the rail, head and shoulders were on the outside, one hand was holding to the handle of a large chest, which was dashing against the outside of the bulwarks.

The first officer sang out, "Let go that box, you old fool, or you will be swept into the sea!"

"Thre-ow a line! Thre-ow a line!" was the only reply to the officer's commands, made by the man as he hung in a most perilous position.

The officers caught him by the legs and tried to jerk him on deck; but the man had a death-like grip of the trunk handle, and his other hand was twisted under a belaying pin in the inner rail. Finally, after much trouble, they succeeded in getting the man and his chest on deck.

Old Chips had never let go the chest handle, and

when he had regained the deck he was completely exhausted. He sat for a minute on the chest, and then rolled off "into the scupper." As soon as he had gained a little strength he made for his room, and drew the box behind him.

As he entered the door leading to his room, the first officer said to him, "You are the queerest man I ever saw on board a ship; it is only a miracle that you are not now drowned in the sea."

"Wa-al," replied the carpenter, "I shoud kind o' remark that it was a quea position; but I war be-ound to save that 'ar tre-unk; ther's more in that 'ar box for me, than in e-our glorious constitution."

Toward morning the wind blew less fiercely, and the upper topsails were set and main and fore top-gallant sails loosened. But this had scarcely been done before the wind again blew as hard as ever; sail was again shortened, and all day, until four p. m., the ship laboured terribly, and the deck was constantly flooded with water. Just as the watch was relieved at four o'clock, the sky, which had been fairly clear, became inky, heavy dark clouds hung about the ship and a terrific wind burst through the sails and rigging, carrying away the fore and main top-gallant masts, fore-topmast and jib-boom with all attached. The ship was "thrown on her beam-ends," and the cargo shifted. The sea made a clean sweep over the vessel.

The carpenter, who had not been seen since he had gone to his room, now put his head out of the door and sang out, "Be-hoys, be she going below, with 'er limbs dislocated?"

The men being busy clearing away the wrecked material, paid no attention to the inquiry. Old Chips crept back into his room. A number of life-buoys were stowed away there. He lost no time in securing his chest ; he fastened to each handle a life-buoy, and placing one around his breast, he attached a strong line to the trunk, by passing the rope over the cover and through both handles, then he fastened the ends securely to the life-preserved around his breast. This being done, he quietly turned into his berth and there he lay waiting for the worst.

About five p. m. the main and mizzen topmasts went overboard with a crash, yet the ship did not right, but kept gradually settling down on her side. She became unmanageable, and the crew were huddled together on the quarter-deck ; but through all this crash, wreck and storm old Chips never left his bunk after he had secured his chest. Now and again a sea would sweep over the stern, threatening to carry every soul on board into the raging deep. The foreward house, with the boats, had been broken and washed overboard.

Pinson and Mintha, with three others, were ordered to get the boat on the starboard side of the after house all ready, and a similar number of men were ordered to do likewise with the boat on the port side. As Mintha stepped into the boat to make fast a line, the command came from the Captain and officers :

"Every man look out for himself!"

A huge sea was approaching, and before Mintha was able to extricate himself from some tangled gear in the bottom of the boat, he, with the boat, was swept

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into the ocean. Pinson and the rest of the crew saved themselves by clinging to broken shrouds, top-gallant stanchions, rail, etc.

When Pinson saw Mintha drifting hopelessly away over the restless sea, he sang out to his friend, "Will, we may soon meet beyond the waters!" Will did not hear him. Every man on board the wreck looked steadily after the ill-fated boat as she rose and dropped with each sea, and some were heard to remark, "He was a good one, that he was."

The boat drifted further and further away, until at last she looked like a spec rising and falling with the waves. Darkness soon spread as a pall over the wreck, the ocean and the boat. At eleven o'clock the wind began to subside, and the moon, as with majestic step from out of the ocean to the sky, with her increasing light, rolled back the deep, black pall, and as she moved in minor glory, she cast a cheering power over the shattered "Hesione," and a spark of hope touched every despairing heart on board the sinking ship. Pinson remarked to the Captain :

"The wind may cease and the ocean calm, yet the loss of my companion is a weight upon my soul."

The night was a terrible one; the men were as wet as the ocean, they were chilled and they were stiff, and it was necessary for each man to cling fast to some object or go overboard. It was hard for them to hold to the wreck. Through the whole night the seas never ceased rolling over the ship. At ten minutes to five o'clock in the morning, sail was reported in the distance. All hearts bounded with joy as the report

came from a sailor who had for the last hour been stationed on the top-gallant forecastle :

"Sail, ahoy, on the starboard quarter!"

The captain got his glasses, and after looking through them,—following the sailor's directions,—he said :

"My lads, a steamer appears to be coming this way."

Then the men were visited by that emotion that wrecked sailors know, who watch a coming ship. A cheer from a score of hearts laden with despair, seemed to impart renewed action to the ship, for at this moment she rose over a heavy wave as of old, and with a dull dead pitch, she went into the trough of a sea, and the shattered mizzen-mast, the only spar standing, went overboard.

In one hour and forty-five minutes from the report of the sailor, a large steamship lay within three hundred yards of the wreck, boats were lowered and a rescuing party from the steamer were soon at the side of the disabled "Hesione." The boats were soon filled with the half-dead crew, and they were rowed to the rescuing ship. The steamer then began to back away. Pinson at this moment rushed through the crowd of passengers and sailors in breathless haste, and taking the Captain of the "Hesione" by the arm, said :

"Captain, we have left the carpenter on board!"

The Captain at once conferred with the commander of the steamship, and in a few minutes a boat was speeding toward the wreck. The crew of the boat were instructed by Pinson where the carpenter might be found. They discovered him in a sound sleep, lying

in his berth. He was aroused and ordered out. He appeared to take the matter quite calmly. The sailor in charge of the boat's crew told him that he was near being left to die on the ocean; that one of his shipmates had been instrumental in his rescue, when all the others had forgotten him.

"Wa-al," he quietly replied, "I kind o' guess that war sort of providential, wa-ant it be-hoys?"

"Come, old tar, stir your stumps; hurry up or our Captain will be cross if we delay his ship longer, the ship is a passenger one," said the sailor in charge.

"All ready, lads, I'm ready!" replied the carpenter, and clinching one end of his chest, sang out, "Je-ack," to one of the men, "lay hold that 'ar other end!"

The boatswain replied sharply, "We cannot bother with that chest, it will detain us too long."

The carpenter looked at the boatswain, and smilingly replied:

"That chest, be-hoys, must go with me, it keontains a valuable amendment for the Constitution of Englishmen, and I she-al be hanged if I do not deliva it over thar."

There sat the chest before the sailors with a life-preserver hanging at either end, and there was the tall, gaunt carpenter with another buoy around his neck, with both ends of a line attached to it and leading from the chest. The boatswain, without further parley, ordered his men to take hold of the chest, the carpenter stepped out and walked on before like a horse in traces. He was soon over the side of the wreck and into the boat, when he sang out:

"Be-hoys, lowa away ge-ently!"

They did so, but through the surging of the wreck and also of the boat, the chest was jerked out of the sailors hands, and it went overboard, dragging the carpenter after it. As he struck the water a huge wave carried him and his chest some distance from the boat, and in the direction of the steamer. The men got into their boat as quickly as possible, loosened from the wreck and rowed toward their vessel. By this time the sea and wind had carried the carpenter and his chest about seventy-five yards in advance of the boat.

When the sailors by hard pulling had managed to overtake him, he and his chest were within fifty yards of the steamer, and he was striking out with might and main, with a fair breeze and following sea.

Shout after shout and cheer upon cheer were sent up from the deck of the rescuing ship, as the passengers and crew witnessed the novel sight of a man towing his chest through the ocean's waves. The carpenter was taken on board the boat and his chest towed to the ship. As he and his trunk were hoisted on board the steamer, cheer after cheer ran along the ship from stem to stern. When old Chips stood on deck surrounded by the passengers, he unconcernedly looked around, and, with a pleasant smile and quick breath, said :

"Ge-als and be-hoys, that 'ar chest will bre-ing komfo't to a the-ousand weary feet, it we-il, and be-et ye-our le-owest ke-oin on that."

CHAPTER IV.

PINSON AND CHIPS IN ENGLAND.

The crew of the "Hesione"—twenty-three all told—were landed at St. Johns, Newfoundland. There some of the men shipped on board of West Indiamen, others to American ports; but Pinson and the carpenter shipped on board a brigantine bound for London. Thirty days after their disaster they arrived in the latter port and were discharged.

One evening at an East-end club, Charlie Pinson related to his friends some incidents connected with the headlong passage of the "Hesione," and gave a detailed account of the loss of the ship and of his dear friend and companion, William Mintha.

Pinson and Mintha, in their respective districts, always moved in good society up to the days they took to the sea, and whenever either of them was found on shore by their friends, they were invited into society, to the theatres and clubs. Pinson did not care much for what is called high-toned society. He had more than once been heard to remark, "that there was a great display of peacock feathers and peacock brains amongst quite a portion of the upper ten."

As Charlie finished telling his tale of the sea, a friend remarked:

"Mr. Pinson, your description of that disaster is most vivid. I imagine that I can see the ship careening, pounding, straining and tossing on old ocean's fury bed, while the wind is circling and howling around the

disabled vessel. And I can picture in my mind poor Bill Mintha drifting between the wreck and the eternal shores."

When the friend had finished speaking he drew himself up toward a small table, covered with green cloth, on which were writing materials. For a few minutes his hand fairly flew across the paper. Reaching back from his chair, he handed Pinson a sheet of paper, and said :

"Charlie, read those lines ?"

Charlie took the paper and read from it to the dozen or more assembled in the room. The lines were as follows :—

Adrift, with dark'ning skies above,
 Around the dark'ning sea;
Behind were friends of life and love,
 Before—eternity.

With every drifting, lifting surge,
 The boat grew small and dim;
The ocean sang a funeral dirge,
 The wind a requiem.

How solemn are the ocean waves !
 How dangerous the deep !
Where winds and waves, above the graves,
 Perpetually weep.

On sunny seas or far away,
 And as the moments fly,
Bill may on decks celestial belay,
 Or furl beneath the sky.

Whate'er he does, where'er he roams,
 In wakeful life er dreams,
He'll care not for the ocean's moans,
 If on eternal streams.

From ocean's storm, from ocean's wreck,
 Bill may have passed beyond;
But stouter heart ne'er left a deck,
 Or crossed the Western pond.

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Pinson remained in London for a few days, and afterwards took a run over to Plymouth, where he had agreed to meet his mother. Charlie from his early days showed a strong inclination for business pursuits, but his reverend father strongly opposed his son entering a broker's office or any other business establishment. Charlie's mother, being a liberal minded lady, would repeatedly say to her husband, that her son would be more contented and prosperous if allowed to follow out his inclinations and choose a situation for himself, than in being guided by others.

Mrs. Pinson had an annuity of six hundred pounds, and owned considerable real estate. Her desire was to see Charlie enter the British army. Her father had been an English army officer, and her son would in all probability have consented to enter the army, had not his father so strongly urged him to prepare to enter the church. Charlie, one day in conversation with his mother on the subject, thoughtfully said :

"If I should join the army, father may say I disobeyed him to obey you."

"I shall, dear mother," he continued, "make no trouble between you. I will still follow the sea, and, as the saying goes, 'trust to luck.'"

Charlie had not seen his father since he left home to follow the sea. He said to Mintha, while sailing home from Australia in the "Green Isle":

"If my father had as much wisdom and judgment as my mother, my lot might have been quite different. My father has a good education and moderate ability, but the avenues to his reason are barricaded with

prejudice and pride. In a word, he is narrow; his religion is from the church, and, in my opinion, is about as useful to the conversion of sinners as the Grecian or Roman Mythology to the prosperity of a business man."

Charlie farewelled with his mother at Plymouth and returned to London. From the latter port he sailed a few days later on board the clipper ship "Swallow," bound for Australia.

While spending a few days at Plymouth he was introduced to a young French officer, who was a connection of his mother, who could trace her family back to the Norman period. She was a lady who believed more in the aristocracy of intellect and character than of birth. She openly scouted the idea that titles and noble blood were the altogether necessary things to the attainment of success and distinction. Her motto was "purity of character and goodness of soul are the passports to true nobility."

The young French Captain to whom Charles was introduced at Plymouth was Jule Le Messuerire. Young Le Messuerire was visiting the Pinson's at the parish rectorry in one of the Southern Counties of England and Mrs. Pinson had brought Jule to Plymouth with her in order to introduce him to her son. Before parting, Le Messuerire proposed to Charlie, that, if he would agree to it, he would interest himself in trying to secure a position for him in the French army. Charlie partially agreed to this project, and Mrs. Pinson and Le Messuerire put their heads together to accomplish the object. But young Pinson would listen to

nothing that would prohibit him from making another sea voyage.

The day after young Pinson had returned to London, he was passing down the Strand, making his way toward a shipping office. As he passed along the sidewalk he saw a crowd of people assembled about a notice-board near the door of an apothecary shop. He stopped, edged his way in amongst the crowd, until he stood near the board. He read the poster, and, working his way out of the crowd, he stepped into the shop and secured a copy of the advertisement, which read as follows:—

“GREAT INDIAN CURES!

“TIGRESS BRAND.

“BECOMING FAMOUS IN TWO CONTINENTS!

“ONLY DISCOVERED LAST YEAR.

“ITS FIRST INTRODUCTION INTO ENGLAND.

“No medicine yet introduced to the public of America has given so much satisfaction or conferred such lasting benefits as the Indian Remedies.

“For Liver Complaint, Gout, Rheumatism, Indigestion, Costiveness, Neuralgia, Headache, Sympathetic Pains and Skin Diseases, these medicines are more valuable than gold or rubies, for they will assuredly effect a thorough cure and complete restoration to health. They never fail when persevered in, and the beneficial effects will be cheerfully acknowledged and be gratefully attested to by those who use them.”

And then came a number of certificates in strong and approving language. Two of these have been selected, they are a fair sample of the others. The certificates read as follows:—

“AUGUSTA, Me., July 9th, 1867.

“SIR,—Having taken your Tigress Brand Rheumatic Mixture for some months, and having been completely cured by its use of the

very severe Rheumatic Gout, from which I have suffered most severely for the last ten years, I can bear testimony to its extraordinary curative powers. I am now free from all pain and well in my health, and have the free use of my hands and feet, which I had not previous to taking your medicine. I think it right to state, for the benefit of others suffering the tortures I endured for the period above stated, that I attribute my restoration to health and freedom from pain entirely to the use of your invaluable med'cine. I can strongly recommend it to those suffering from Rheumatic or Gout.

"(Signed)

ABRAHAM JACOB TURNEY.

SARATOGA, Nov. 4th, 1867.

"SIR,—I have much pleasure in stating that I derived so great a benefit from the use of your Gout Medicine, that I feel it my duty to add my testimony to the many already published. I have been suffering from Gout in my feet and hands for about sixteen years, but by taking two bottles of your Gout Mixture I have lost all pain or trace of gouty symptoms. My appetite is good and my general health much improved. I can recommend your Indian Medicine strongly to others.

Yours, ISAAC FREEDAWNY.

"The medicines consist of Aperient Mixture, in Red Wrappers, price 3/6 per bottle. Rheumatic Mixture in Green Wrappers, price 5/6 per bottle. Gout Mixture, in Blue. . . . Yellow Wrappers, 7/6 per bottle."

As soon as Pinson had finished reading the above, he put the paper into his pocket and hurried on toward the docks, intending that day to ship. He had not gone far, when he noticed a tall, lean, peculiar individual among the people coming along the street toward him. The individual was such an exceptional looking man that he would have attracted special attention among a thousand people. He was dressed in a long black frock coat, black baggy trousers and black vest; he wore a black satin neck stock and a pair of funeral fitting black kid gloves, and on his head a black slouched felt hat. The whole suit looked new and neat.

slop. The man resembled a country parson, who had a small church, a poor congregation and well wooded circuit. He appeared like a clergyman hurrying on his way to a baptism or funeral.

When he passed Pinson, the latter observed that the man carried in his hand a box covered with black enamel leather. The box was about twenty inches long by fifteen wide and ten deep, attached to it was a brass handle. As the box swung along at the man's side, Pinson's eye caught the words on the side of the box, painted in yellow letters, "Dr. Jathmell's Great Gout Remedies." Pinson turned and quickly followed the man a few steps, and coming up with him, looked him squarely in the face, and said :

"How are you, old Chips?"

The man stopped, but both he and Pinson were jostled off the side way by the pressure of the passing crowd. As he stood at the edge of the sidewalk and put his hand into Pinson's, he replied :

"Wa-al, I'm bust if I rec-koned to meet you here."

Pinson asked him where he lodged. He put his hand in his vest pocket and handed Pinson his address, which was in Arundel Street, off the Strand. Pinson arranged to call at eight o'clock, p. m., and spend an hour or so with the Doctor. They parted, and Pinson went to the office of the "Swallow's" agents, and arranged to ship as an A. B. on the following morning. Then he retraced his steps to the Haymarket, and at the appointed hour went over to Arundel Street, and there found old Chips in waiting. The pair of shipmates at once plunged into conversation. Pinson,

shaking the hand of old Chips, said: "Why, old chum, I scarcely knew you when we met this morning, you looked so much like some spiritual father carrying a box filled with benedictions."

Old Chips, looking quite solemn, replied:

"Wa-al, my fre-end, you putty near lay the couse: only a half pint off. I'm healing the bodies of mankind, and she-all undoubtedly receive benedictions as thick as mosquitoes on a tre-out brook in June."

"Yes, I see that you have become a professional gentleman," said Pinson.

"Ye-as, my friend, my Ge-out medicines are travel-
ling off le-ike a prairie fire in a dr-ey season, and I
she-ould rather guess that Jonathan had made a hit
among the ble-u bloods. It be the biggest fe-ind of the
cen-te-ary, is my Ge-out Remedy; it is gradual, pe-
owerful, e-fectial and fe-inal in its results," said the
carpenter.

"How long have you been in the healing business?" for A
asked Pinson.

Old Chips replied:

"Abe-out a ye-ar; but I'm ne-ow introducing my
Great Remedies for the first time into this ke-untry
The Ge-out Remedies, so far, have distanced all my
other remedies in this land, but my Ke-ostive and
Billeous Remedies lead by many lengths in Amerike.
Every-whar here is Ge-out, the very air smells o-
Ge-out, and the old castles and halls, I'm te-old, are a board
full of Ge-cut, as they be of rats. I she-all exte-erminat 1200
it; all I require is time. My ste-ock of Ge-out Remedies is trim.
is ne-ow abe-out exhausted, and I she-all skeedadd her r

back to Amerika and return with a new crop. "My che-um, you will no longa wonda whe-i I stuck like ple-asta to the chest in the ocean. That chest ke-on-tained my remedies, ke-ocked and be-ottled. I wa bringing them over on spec, and tre-i-ing to wade across the big fish-pond as cheaply as I wa able. The ke-on-tents of that chest have already put abe-out seven hundred dollas in my puss, of e-our ke-oin."

Pinson extended his hand, and laying hold of that of old Chips, shook it heartily, saying as he did so :

"You have my congratulations upon your success. I say to you, go on, pluck and perseverance never sink."

"Wa-al, I guess I she-all ge-o on ; it be a big thing, this ge-out ova he-ar, and I swear, che-um, it is giving me a ge-outy puss. And if this re-un ke-on-tinues for a year or so, I wont ke-all old Ke-om-adore Van. my uncle."

The two shipmates parted, one to sail in a few days for Australia, the other soon after for America.

CHAPTER V.

AN OCEAN RACE.

In a day or two, Pinson sailed for Australia, on board the clipper ship "Swallow." She was a ship of 1200 tons, loaded with a general cargo, and in excellent trim. She made a quick passage, and well sustained her reputation and name as a flyer.

While Charlie was at Plymouth, his mother presented him with £150. This money he took with him to Melbourne, and there he deposited it in a bank; but before sailing for home he withdrew it, and, adding his wages, he invested £170 in a gold mining company. He admired the Yankee gout doctor for his pluck and energy. He had named him the "Undaunted Son of the West." Pinson saw that to make money quickly a risk was necessary, and if his venture turned out proportionately to that of the Doctor he would at least lay the foundation of what, with care and prudence, might grow to a fortune.

The "Swallow" remained in port six weeks, and then sailed for London direct. She arrived safely home, beating all previous records. Charlie, in a letter to his mother from Melbourne, described the "Swallow" as follows:

"She is a handsome ship, with lines as harmonious as music. As she sits upon the still water she looks taunt, trim and majestic. She is long and narrow, and her name is well suited to her character as a flyer. In a word, I may call her an ocean arrow. At sea she careens easily and reaches like a Derby winner. She steers like a racer that requires but a touch of the rein. One can sit upon her royal yard when she is running fifteen knots an hour as easily as upon a racer's saddle, when he is pressed near the finish. And she and the wind hug as closely as two lovers."

The "Swallow" was painted cream colour, with a seven-inch gold band running around her gunwale from stem to stern. Her head-piece was the figure of

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a swallow, with wings ajar, and trailing down to the end of the hawse pieces were sprigs of myrtle in green and gold, and the decorations on her stern were similar. The brasses on her capstans and rails shone in the sunlight like polished mirrors.

An Australian newspaper described her as she sailed out from Port Philip Heads on a beautiful sunny morning, under a full press of canvas and flags flying, as appearing like a princess attired for her marriage, beautiful and resplendent.

The passage home, like the one out, was devoid of any special interest, with one exception. When running between the Cape of Good Hope and the island of St. Helena, about four o'clock one morning, the watch reported sail ahead. The first officer who had charge of the ship, shortly after the watch's report, said :

"A full-rigged ship is leading us. She is from eight to ten miles straight ahead."

The "Swallow" was travelling under a heavy press of canvas. At noon the leading ship was still four miles in advance. It was by this time evident to all on board the "Swallow" that the leading ship was a full clipper. The "Swallow," during her three voyages, had never met a vessel that she did not come up with and pass quite easily.

The stranger had every "stitch" of her canvas set except sky-sails, and now she appeared to be loosing these, and preparing for a desperate race. Immediately orders went ringing along the "Swallow's" deck to loosen all furled sails, which consisted of fore and mizzen sky-sails. Both ships were "laying" the same

course—heading N. W. by W.—and straining every fibre. The leading vessel seemed to labour more heavily than the "Swallow."

On they flew in a straight line, one directly ahead of the other, until ten minutes to seven, p. m., when both ships were running at every inch of their speed, the leader was seen to turn from the course like a racer that had thrown his rider. And when her sails shook and trembled in the wind she appeared like an exhausted runner. On, on went the "Swallow," her commander standing on the quarter, glasses in hand, a position he had occupied for the last hour. He said to his second officer :

"A boat is lowering from the ship, and her name is "Tacoma."

Putting his glasses to his eyes again, he said to his officer :

"Order four of the crew to man a boat, there is a man overboard from the leading ship."

Next, the word was given to stand by the braces, and the man at the wheel was ordered to starboard the helm, and in much less time than it takes to describe it, the "Swallow" was flapping her wings, every sail was shivering in the wind, and she was within gunshot of the "Tacoma," or about two hundred yards distant.

Two ocean racers leave the track
And stand with canvas flapping
In the south and eastern breeze,
Their masts and yard-arms tapping.

Orders were then given to "lay" along the rail with life-belts and small lines. The Captain shouted :

"The man is nearing us on the starboard side!"

Instantly every man jumped to the starboard bulwarks. Just at this moment the drowning man was riding by the "Swallow," carried on the back of a big wave, about twenty feet from the ship's side. About a score of lines and life-buoys were thrown to him; he grasped at one and another, but missed all. Pinson, who was at the helm, picked up a belt that lay near his feet, and as he held to the wheel with his left hand, he flung with his right the buoy over the stern toward the floating tar.

Pinson's eye was quick and true; he had a steady hand and strong arm. The buoy struck the water two feet in advance of the sinking sailor; he grasped it, but was too weak to adjust it around his breast. He held to it with a will. Both vessels being quite close, the crew of the "Tacoma" could see that their companion had caught the last buoy and was floating more easily. A cheer went up from the deck of the "Tacoma" and "Swallow" simultaneously, which the Captain of the "Swallow" said passed new life into the sinking sailor. A boat from the "Tacoma" passed under the stern of the "Swallow," just as a boat and crew put off from the latter ship.

In less than five minutes from the time the sailor had grasped the life-preserved, he was being hauled into the "Tacoma's" boat by his companions. He was rowed to his ship in an insensible condition. As soon as the man was rescued the "Swallow" was again put on her course, and a few minutes later the "Tacoma" was heading the same way, both ships starting nearly abreast. The "Tacoma" three times dipped from her

gaff the Stars and Stripes, and this piece of courtesy was quickly answered by the "Swallow" doing likewise with the British Ensign. Then signals from the "Tacoma" showed that she was bound from Calcutta for New York, and that the man had fallen overboard while arranging some gear on the fore top-gallant yard. A comparison of positions by signals showed the ships to be in $25^{\circ} 4'$ south latitude, $5^{\circ} 2'$ east longitude. For two days the ships were in sight of each other, but on the third those on board the "Swallow" lost all traces of the rear ship.

The "Swallow" eventually arrived at London, again beating all previous records, and fully sustaining the opinions of her owner, that she was the smartest craft that sailed the Atlantic and Indian oceans.

After Charlie Pinson had obtained his discharge, he partially agreed with the Captain to ship for another voyage as boatswain of the "Swallow."

Charlie, when in port, frequently visited the music halls and theatres. The first evening he spent on shore he went to the Alhambra, in company with a friend. To use his own words: "My visit to the Alhambra that evening took all desire for the sea out of my being, and I was drawn into a whirlpool of love. I was irresistibly drawn toward a pretty ballet-dancer, who is of the earth, heavenly, her form and action celestial." She was dressed in the style of ballet-dancers. A short pink silk dress reaching just below her knees, left a fine open view of her pretty feet and prettier limbs. She wore white silk stockings and pink slippers. Her dress was most tastefully trimmed

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with gold and light blue. On her wrists were bracelets of silver, and her regular, tapering arms, pink with the flush of health, were bare to midway between the shoulders and elbows.

As Pinson in a trance of attraction watched the movements of the girl, he sat like a charmed bird, scarcely realizing where he was. The form, motion and beauty of the ballet-dancer had bewildered him. Suddenly he was tapped on the shoulder by some one sitting behind him, and almost immediately some person whispered in his ear:

"Kin you inform me who that living jewel be? I reckon on the one in pink and gold, with limbs as perfect as those of e-our late Martha Washington and be-ust like Peokehonta?"

Pinson made no reply to the stranger's inquiry, he merely shook his head. The stranger was so taken with the pretty ballet-girl, that he kept whispering to those in front, in rear, and on either side of him. He would whisper, "She's a ste-ar, brighter than any in the old flag of my ke-untry." At length, after many such remarks, he completely boiled over, and fairly shouted:

"By the Goddess of Liberty, she ar a gal from Wisconsin!"

Pinson, feeling annoyed at the stranger's conduct, turned and said:

"My friend, will you please be less restless?"

All the reply that Pinson received was:

"Wa-al, I'll calm."

Pinson turned to look and see what sort of a

character was sitting so near him. He caught the man's eye and recognized the stranger as old Chips. He whispered :

"Hollo, Doctor! how are you?"

"Wa-al, Wa-al, I do ke-uss if this arn't you, Mr. Pinson! But arn't she a heart-scrapa?"

"To whom do you allude?" said Pinson.

"Whe-i," replied old Chips, (whom we shall hereafter call Dr. Jathmell), "don't you observe that mighty putty gal on the stage, as my fre-end to the left calls the Lily of the Alhambra?"

Pinson said, "Yes, I have noticed her, and she's a gem."

At the close of the performance Dr. Jathmell and Charlie Pinson parted, to meet again the next day.

CHAPTER VI.

CHARLIE AND ROSE MEET.

Pinson called at Arundel Street the following morning and found Jathmell at home. The Doctor was occupying the same rooms as he did on his previous visit to London. After Charlie Pinson had complimented Jathmell on his appearance, saying to him "Doctor, you are much improved, and the profession of medicine, &c., seems just what nature has adapted you for," Jathmell let himself loose. He commenced by saying :

"Ye-as, I guess I'm a natral fe-sis-i-an; ke-onsequently I de-on't live to ke-ill, but to ke-ure. Me

caught the old Chips. 't you, Mr. all hereafter. hat mighty he left calls and she's a Jathmell and ext day. he following The Doctor his previous had compli ying to him profession adapted yo mmenced by an; ke-onse ke-ure. Me name, as you are awa, is Doctor Jonathan Bunker Jathmell, A. M. M. F. S. H., the te-ail—and you see its fashionable to have a long te-ail to ke-over up what you de-on't know—represents American Medicine Man, Friend of Suffering Humanity. These initial letters you will now see on all me-i kards and peo-stars. Me-i mission is medicine, as e-old Nap's wa war, Washington's, American liberty, and old Abe's, abolition of slavery."

The Doctor stopped for a moment, and then continued :

"Che-um, I'm be-usted this morning and ke-ant talk medicine; and, che-um, I she-ould guess you are awa, that when a gal makes a Yank fe-or-git his buiss and the almighty dolla, she's a whe-easel."

Pinson, finding the Doctor wishing to do all the talking, said he had an appointment with a friend, and, as the time was at hand, he must leave. The Doctor begged him to remain; but Pinson took his hat, said good morning, and left.

In the evening both men met again at the music hall, drawn thither by the Lily of the Alhambra,—although a few days later it was found out that Jathmell's affection, or love, or whatever it may be called, was very different from that of Pinson's for the pretty ballet-dancer. As it happened, they found themselves occupying seats near each other; but Pinson had determined not to enter into conversation with the Doctor during the play.

At the close of the performance, and as Pinson was leaving the hall, he noticed Jathmell lingering behind.

He did not wait to speak with him, and never thought that the Doctor was bent upon getting an introduction to the handsome ballet-dancer. Pinson quietly laid his own plans, and on the afternoon of the next day waited on the manager of the music hall. He said to the manager :

"I come to gain some information respecting one of your ballet-girls."

The manager replied, "Do you refer to the largest girl of the lot?"

Said Pinson in reply, "I think she is the largest."

He then described her appearance on the stage.

The manager replied, "Why, here is a strange coincidence, if I may call it such, that two gentlemen should call on me within an hour of one another and make earnest inquiries about the same girl. I admit that the girl is greatly admired for her physical and facial beauty by all who attend at the performances. You have possibly noticed, on the evenings that you have been present in the hall, the over-crowded state of the audiences. The girl has, perhaps, the most beautiful face, finest form, and best action of any ballet-dancer that has yet appeared in London. She has been but six months in the profession, and if she follows the stage, she will in time become a star actress. Her name is not an assumed one, it is Rose Carney."

As the manager mentioned the name of the girl, Pinson's face lit up with a smile. He said to the manager :

"I knew that I had seen the girl before, but in vain I tried to remember where."

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“Probably,” replied the manager, “at Liverpool.”

“No,” said Pinson, “It was at her father’s cabin on the South-west coast of Ireland, where I remained for two days with the crew of the wrecked ship “Green Isle.” I owe my life to the heroic conduct of the girl’s father and brother. Rose, I saw there. She was then roughly and scantily dressed. Would you object to my seeing her and conversing with her for a few minutes, she may recognize me?”

Said the manager in reply, “Mr. Pinson, if you will call to-morrow at eleven o’clock, I shall have pleasure in accompanying you to Miss Carney’s lodging.”

Pinson promised the proprietor to meet him at the appointed hour, and as the two men were about to part, the manager said :

“Now before we part I must tell you a laughable story. This morning a tall, gaunt, clerical-looking fellow called here, and said to me, ‘Ar’ you managà of Alhambra Si-cus?’ meaning, I suppose, circus. I replied that I was the principal manager of the music hall.”

Replied he, “Wa-al you have a Daisy, a Lily, a Rose and a Ke-olumbine all in one gal on your stage, and I hain’t ge-oin’ to deny it managà, I want a kle-ose look at that gal and a chat with her. If I don’t get both I’ll be-ust.”

I looked at the fellow, and he gazed at me, and continued :

“I’m squar, and if it be ke-oin you want for an in-product, hear she ar,” at the same time holding a ten dollar gold piece in his hand, and then continuing, “we-oth ten dolla’s sir, and the schreeming bird thre-own in.”

"No," I answered, "I shall not take your money, neither can you see the girl."

He took his hat, moved toward the door, turned, and said, "Bonny Jure," and left.

"Pinson said, "I know the man, he is a most enterprising fellow, and doubtless sees money in taking the girl over to America. I shall find out his thoughts when I next meet him, which will be this evening."

The following morning, at the time appointed, the manager accompanied Pinson to Rose's lodging place and as soon as she entered the room she recognized Pinson, advanced, took his hand, and said :

"Mr. Pinson, you were a day or two at my father's house two years or more ago. I saw you at the music hall on two evenings. I could scarcely attend to my dancing, etc., because I knew you to be one of the crew of the "Green Isle," but could not remember your name till to-day."

As she spoke, the sunlight was streaming through the window full upon her face and silky brown hair.

Pinson's eyes met those of Rose. Her full breast seemed to heave in sympathy with the throbings of Pinson's heart, and flashes of delight and pleasure flitted over her features. Said Charlie Pinson to her, "Miss Carney, I am glad to see you. I intend to leave London for a few days to visit my mother. I would like to see you alone for a short time previous to my departure, which will be in ~~id~~ of forty-eight hours."

Rose replied, "Mr. Pinson, it will be convenient for me to see you at eleven o'clock to-morrow morning. Will that hour suit you?"

He answered, "At eleven, Miss Carney, I shall call."

The manager and Pinson then left the room. Rose followed the pair to the door, and as Charlie bid her another good morning, she said, "eleven sharp, if you please, Mr. Pinson."

He bowed again, and said, "sharp at eleven."

Pinson went to his boarding house and retired to his room, and there in seclusion thought over the past. It seemed to him as though fate had brought him face to face with his lost companion's girl, for he knew how deeply William Mintha had loved the handsome Irish lass. "But poor Bill is drowned," he whispered.

"I will," he mused, "tell Rose all about Mintha's death in the ocean, and read to her the lines by a friend at the club. Rose Carney now is to me the brightest jewel on earth, and my life and my home she must adorn. Her blood may not be blue, but it is true.

She cannot pride herself on her ancestry, and talk of her noble descent, but she wears richer escutcheons—nobility of soul, nobility of mind."

Charlie Pinson did not go to the Alhambra that evening. He was certain that he could not sit and see Rose Carney dance and follow her graceful motions, without pain in his soul. For when he saw her he longed to be at her side. That evening he remained at home.

CHAPTER VII.

AT A WEST-END SPORTING HOUSE.

At eleven o'clock sharp, Charlie was knocking at

the door of Rose's lodging. The place at which she boarded was a respectable sporting house, the proprietor was an ex-champion of the prize ring. The house was situated not far from the Hay-market. Pinson was shown in, and as he passed by the bar towards a small reception-room on its left, he called for a pint of half-and-half. To the right of the bar was a smoking-room for the free and easy. Behind the bar on a broad shelf were two large cribs with small iron bars inside of which were two renowned rat-terriers, with their records and names in gold letters at the top of the crib. A fine steel-plate engraving of the proprietor of the house was vertically placed over one of the cages, and a similar picture of Admiral Nelson was looking down from above the other.

When seated in the reception-room, he had time to take in the general appearance of the cozy little place before the arrival of Rose was announced. The floor had on it a nice three-ply Scotch carpet, in bright colours and neat pattern; but what interested Pinson most were the decorations. Before him on the wall hung a large steel engraving of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria. On the right of the Queen hung a smaller one of the Prince of Wales, and on the left one of the Princess of Wales. On Pinson's right was a painting of John Gully, ex-M. P., and beside it one of Tom Spring; on the other side was one of Dan Donnelly. Above these were steel engravings of John Wesley, the Duke of Wellington and Dan O'Connell. On the wall to the left were pictures of Teddy Mills, Jem Mace, Tom Sayers and Renforth, and above them of Rev.

C. H. Spurgeon, Newman Hall, Lord Palmerston and Sir Charles Napier. And at the other end of the room hung a large painting of the clipper ship "James Baines," a smaller one of the old war ship "Victory," and one of the frigate "Black Prince."

Just as Charlie Pinson had finished his survey of the room, Rose was announced as in waiting. Charlie was then shown into a room upstairs, it being the same one in which Rose had seen him on the previous day. She met him with a smile and gentle toss of her head. He sat quite near her. She was attired in a pink wrapper, with narrow blue and brown stripes. A chocolate-coloured silk girdle hung about her waist. Her dress was buttoned high in the neck, and she wore neither collar nor cuffs. Her brown hair was caught together at the back of her neck by a pink ribbon tied in a bow, the hair hanging in a kind of switch and reaching quite to her hips.

Long after this meeting with Rose, Charlie said to his mother, "that he never saw Rose look more beautiful than she did on the morning he met her on Windmill Hill. She was dressed plainly, neatly, and in good taste. Her sound sense showed itself in her attire, and he said, "Mother, you know that gay and gorgeous attire, and dazzling in gems, rather detracts than adds to handsome forms and faces. A girl or woman nobly planned, cannot be improved by human art and decorations. Such are natural as God has created them, and on his perfect work human aids are not wanting."

As Charlie and Rose sat together, they talked of the past, present and future; nearer and nearer were

they drawn together as the moments passed, until, almost unconsciously, they were locked in each others embrace, and for a time silently they sat, and shafts of burning love pierced deep each lover's heart. Rose broke the silence. She put her hand on Charlie's chin, turned his face toward her own, and planted a kiss on his youthful forehead. In a few minutes Pinson departed, agreeing to meet Rose in the evening half an hour previous to her departure for the stage.

At the appointed hour Pinson arrived, and the pair slowly walked toward the Alhambra. Rose had settled in her mind, heart and soul, what answer she would give to a question proposed by Charlie Pinson at their morning's session. On the way to the music hall they were betrothed. Charlie bade her good evening as they parted at the entrance to the Alhambra, and the next a. m. he left for Plymouth, where he had arranged to meet his mother. He went to his lodging, and there, in happy reflection, dreams and anticipations, he spent the hours of the night.

As he left his lover at the door of the music hall, he took from his little finger a gold ring, and, placing it on the forefinger of Rose's left hand, remarked :

"This ring has gone the circuit of the earth, and now I place it around your finger, emblematic of the love that binds our hearts together."

On the evening of the next day Charlie met his mother at Plymouth, and with her he also met Captain Jule Le Messuerire. Pinson had not seen his father for some years; neither was Charles' father aware that his wife had left home to meet her son. Le Messuerire

had succeeded in securing a position for Charlie in the French army. A Lieutenancy in the Volunteer Artillery of the National Guard was obtained for him. Pinson was well up in drill, he having been a private in an English Artillery corps, a few years previously. Rev. Pinson was joyful at the news of Le Messuerire's success in securing the position for Charles.

When Le Messuerire told Rev. Pinson of his success in procuring the position for Charles, the old clerical replied :

"If my son will only give up mixing with those business and trades people, my latter days will be made brighter and happier."

The old man had passed the seventieth year post, yet he continued to amuse himself in performing set forms and ceremonies, which he was sure had passed to him through the corridors of time from the days of the Apostles. Charles Pinson, who was a young man of broad views and benevolent nature, had once remarked to his mother, "That he thought if the Apostle Peter, John or Paul should come in some unknown way and visit his father, either of them would be astonished at his ignorance and bigotry, and depart feeling that the line of apostolic succession had, at least at this end of it, some small and twisted links, fashioned by clerical machinery out of material unnatural."

During the happy week the party spent together at Plymouth, Charlie Pinson unfolded to his mother his great love for one unknown to her. At first she told her son that she feared he had been hasty in his choice, though she had never seen nor heard of the

girl. But, knowing her son to be honest and faithful, as well as frank, she gave her consent to the engagement, and before her son returned to London, it was arranged that the marriage should take place in a private manner, after which the bride and groom must at once proceed to Paris.

Mrs. Pinson had all the arrangements under her control. She settled it that the wedding should take place in one of the Southern Counties of England at a church in some village. She would not be present, but Charles' youngest sister would be there, and act as a bridesmaid, and Jule Le Messuerire was to be a groomsman. She would present her son with six hundred pounds on his marriage, and would also send one hundred pounds to Charles' intended to be expended on her wedding outfit. The day appointed for the union was four weeks from the day Charles left Plymouth. He bid adieu to his mother, and in a few hours was nestling beside his Rose in London.

He lost no time in having a conference with the proprietor of the Alhambra, who, without any monetary consideration, released Rose Carney from her contract. The next day the boards at the music hall and elsewhere contained the following notice:—

“ROSE CARNEY,
“THE PRETTY AND POPULAR BALLET-DANCER,
“WILL APPEAR BUT FOUR NIGHTS MORE
“AT THE ALHAMBRA.
“She is About to Step from the Stage to the Threshold of a
“Golden Future.”

For three nights the great hall was crowded to excess, and on the fourth thousands were turned away

from the doors, unable to gain admittance. Rose then left for Plymouth in company with Charles. She remained there with friends of the latter until her wedding day.

Gentlemen in Plymouth who became acquainted with her, almost without an exception, said to one another that she was the finest looking girl who had ever visited that town, and one clerical gentleman remarked to one of his friends, that he "believed Miss Carney was the perfection of virtue and goodness; that the qualities of courage, gentleness and affection were most beautifully blended in her nature; that beauty, frankness and freedom were her daily charms; that her every day life and acts were uniform; these," continued he, "coupled with truth, industry and contentment, make her life a blessing to all who know her, and to me her short acquaintance has been a profitable lesson."

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM THE STAGE TO THE ALTAR.

Charlie Pinson took a run to London, a few days before his marriage, and once more called to see the proprietor of the Alhambra. The proprietor told Pinson the following story :

He said, "Mr. Pinson, you are not aware that I have again been visited by that pious-looking old fraud, Jonathan B. Jathmell, A. M. M., F. S. H. As soon as the bills were out that Miss Carney was about to make her farewell appearance at the Alhambra, Jathmell

called on me. He seemed to be under the impression that the golden future of the girl was the theatre, and that she had been engaged by some first-class management, and in a few months would make her bow to a London audience, at one of the best theatres. He opened the talk through his double-barrelled organ by saying: “ ‘Mr. Managà, me-i hopes I believe to be adrift if it had been in me-i powàr to have persuaded that gal to accept me-i offà and ge-o to Amerika with me, I assuà you I ke-oud have banked some ke-oin. Whe-i in New Yok, Be-oston, Phili, and in many other of the elephantine cities of the free, thar we-ould have been a ste-irring ke-om-petition amongst the lessees of music halls, theatres, &c., to engage that gal. I ke-oud have ske-ooped in abe-out two the-ousand dollàs ne-èt, or the value of two the-ousand bottles of my Indian Remedies without the tre-ouble of manufacturing and ke-oking. Whe-i, Managà, when my eyes roosted on that gal, and I gaged her form and motion, I said, old Jath. you’ve struck petroleum, if you can get her to Amerika.’ ”

“ Now, Mr. Pinson, what do you think of that man? ” said the proprietor. “ I looked at him seriously and sternly, and at last said, ‘Sir, you are a fraud, and heartless vagabond; get you out from my presence.’ He coolly reached for his hat, stepped toward the door with a sort of military air, leisurely turned around and, looking me square in the eye, said :

“ ‘ I may be a fre-aud, but I tell you, Managà, thar’s money in that piece of flesh and blood, and it’s money we are all after. Money is boss, and will be.’ ”

"The man's very demeanour so completely astonished me, that I scarcely knew he had slipped away and out, till I heard him say, as he stepped into the street, 'Bonny Jure, Mouseher.'"

Charlie left London on a flying visit to Liverpool. He wished to spend a day or two with Rose's parents. He returned to London after enjoying a short visit at Liverpool, and from London he hurried on to Plymouth, to take to himself Rose.

At a small, cosy church in a Southern English village, not one hundred miles from Plymouth, at eleven o'clock one beautiful spring morning in the month of April, 1870, Charles Pinson and Rose Carney were married.

At a little before eleven the bridegroom arrived, attended by his best man, Jule Le Messuerire, and shortly after the bride's sister, Mary, entered, escorted by the proprietor of the Alhambra. She wore a dress of pale heliotrope *crépé de chine*, trimmed with peach-coloured lace, her ornaments being large pearls and diamonds, and she carried a bouquet of lovely yellow roses.

A few minutes later a stir amongst the congregation gave notice of the advent of the bride, and presently she appeared, escorted by Lieutenant Cecil J. Donovan, of the Royal Navy. Very fair and stately she looked in a magnificent bridal dress, with a long train of ivory white *moir* and *satin stripes*, the skirt of which was trimmed with lovely old *alencor* lace, the gift of the groom's youngest sister. Long sprays of beautiful orange blossoms adorned the skirt and train, while the

veil was fastened with diamond stars, the gift of Sir Percy Holland Galloway.

Closely following in the bride's steps came Miss Kate T. Jarrow, a charming little fairy in blue satin, which set off her lovely golden hair in wondrous style, (Miss Kate displayed two pearls in her hair and a sapphire brooch, the gift of several gentlemen who frequent the Alhambra; she was also a ballet-dancer), and by her side there stepped her cavalier, Master Jemmy Carney, the bride's brother, in costume harmonious and with look sedate. He was dressed as a page, also in blue satin, and wore a pearl anchor pin, the gift of the bridegroom.

As the procession moved slowly up the aisle the choir sang the marriage hymn, and then each to the other, bride and bridegroom, pledged their troth. The sacred words were said, and the twain were made one. Reverend John R. Goldyers, who officiated, closed the ceremony with a few earnest words of exhortation, pointing out that from the husband alone must hereafter flow all the happiness that the wife is destined to know, while on the other side must be courage, steadfast faith and love. On the woman's side, sympathy; on the man's, support.

The company then proceeded to the residence of John De Windos, Esq., where a reception was given, and the presents, which were numerous and handsome, were inspected. Among them were diamond and ruby rings and bracelets, a fine display of silverware, and an oil painting of the bride in ballet costume, presented by the Manager of the music hall, who, in a few well

gift of Sir Chosen sentences, proposed the health of the newly-married couple, which was drunk with great enthusiasm. In a manly, yet modest speech, the bridegroom returned thanks, and took the opportunity of proposing the health of the host and hostess, at the same time paying a well-merited tribute to the untiring, tender care of his mother, who was unavoidably absent, and who had given to the Celtic girl who had that day become his wife, her loving advice and blessing. Other toasts were proposed and responded to in feeling language.

The bride's travelling dress was blue flannel, trimmed with fine gold lace. Among those who accepted invitations to the wedding were Sir Charles Bustreps, Sir Henry C. Gallgath, Lady Moosland, Sir John Grousepyke, Lady Flankstep, Miss Jossop, Mr. and Mrs. Stagstiss, Miss Myout, Colonel and Mrs. Westwinder, Lord Henry Redreviere, Sir Joseph Myscrie and lady, Mr. and Mrs. Followcraft, Sir T. J. Tradestep and wife, &c.

In the afternoon the happy pair, in company with Captain Jule Le Messuerire, left for France amid a shower of rice, satin slippers and good wishes.

When it was noised abroad in the village that a son of a noble family—or at least of a noble mother—was about to marry a poor Irish girl, and who was also a gillot-dancer, the lesser tones, who had edged their way through hoops, chips, dust, rust and ropeyarns, came to a pull at the pants and skirts of an hereditary aristocracy, turned up their noses and inflated heads, and one to the other remarked :

"Charles Pinson is a silly young man, and most every other leading family has a calf in it. Miss Pinson is, after all, perhaps, wise in consenting to allow her calf to marry the little green sow."

"You know," said Miss Followcraft to Miss Susie Tradestep, "that Irish girl can never be expected to occupy any position in society above the common Irish herd. Ma says she cannot bring disgrace upon us by going to the wedding, and Pa says he will watch Sir Henry Gallgath, Lady Moosland, &c., and if they accept he may consent for us to go. Oh, but Ma's furious!"

The aristocracy of wealth, of ignorance, of doubtful reputation, of unsavoury pride, and of one life, said that Lord So and So, and Lady So and So, and the Honourable Mr. and Mrs. So and So, and Colonel and Mrs. So and So were going as guests to the wedding of Charles Pinson and Rose Carney, and that many of the real nobility of the district were lending their countenance to the affair. Then it was that all the second line moved up at the double quick and were loud in their praises of Charles Pinson and his beautiful wife, and of the gorgeous display.

"Great flies have little flies
Upon their backs to bite 'em,
And little flies have lesser flies
And so on *ad infinitum.*"

Mrs. Pinson presented her son with an elegant gold watch and chain; on the back of the watch were Charles' initials in precious stones. She also sent him a gold anchor set with pearls, with an inscription on the reverse side,—"Hold fast the truth."

His sister presented him with a ring initialed with most diminutive precious stones, and his initials were also cut on the inside. Captain Jule Le Messuerire gave the bride a small, solid silver statue of Napoleon I. It was about ten inches high, and on the breast in letters of pure gold were the words :

NAPOLEON I.,
THE KING OF COMMANDERS.

Jule Le Messuerire was a great admirer of Napoleon Buonaparte.

CHAPTER IX.

AT PARIS.

The bride and groom, in company with Captain Le Messuerire, arrived in Paris the next morning. They took up their residence in a private lodging, previously secured for them by their friend the Captain. The house was situated in a pleasant part of the city. After their arrival they remained at home during the day; they were fatigued, and required rest.

Early the following morning the Captain came with carriage, and Charlie and Rose were invited to take drive. They at once accepted the invitation of their friend, and drove through some of the principal and more interesting portions of Paris. The general characteristics of the early morn had been cloudy skies, transient showers and gleams of sunshine; but after about two hours drive, the sky became thick and inky, rolling clouds toward the south and east presaged a

deluge. The party gave orders to be driven home. The storm, however, passed over; all there was of it was a sharp shower of heavy drops. Jule returned to his quarters, and the happy pair spent the remainder of the day principally in loving recline.

As they sat at a window of their room, where they had a clear open view, Rose said to her husband, just as the gold and pink were forming in the western quadrant of the sky:

"My dear Charles, let us watch for the new moon we should see it to-night. Perhaps you have heard that many of the people in the land of my birth have a belief, or, rather, hold to a superstition, that whoever after being married, sees first the new moon and makes a wish with eyes blindfolded, the wish is sure to be granted."

"Rose, my love," replied her husband, "we will watch, and as we watch I shall tell you a story, it is Persian superstition. On first seeing the new moon, Persian stands, closes his eyes, covers them with his hands and makes some request of God, such as, that his business may prosper, his wife grow fat, his crops be plentiful, &c. Then, before re-opening his eyes, he contrives to have before them some object appropriate to the month. Thus, in the first month of the Mahomedan year, it is good to look upon water; in the second, gold and silver; in the third, some useful animal; in the fourth, a turquoise; in the fifth, a mirror or jewel; in the sixth, a comely woman; in the seventh, pearls; in the eighth, a wise man; in the ninth, a baby or child; in the tenth, water or the Koran; in the

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eleventh, a comely woman; in the twelfth, a sheep. In the absence of the proper object, it is always luck to look upon gold and silver, or jewels, or running water. Should a person, on opening his eyes, see an ugly face or other unsightly or inauspicious object, he makes up his mind to a month of bad luck."

While Charles was reciting the Persian tale, Rose had been fixedly watching the western sky to catch a glimpse of the new moon. And just as her husband had ended his story, and was about to say, "Rose, I see it!" (for he had caught a sight of the crescent moon), Rose threw her arms about his neck and said :

"My dear, I have just got a peep at the slender silver crescent! I embrace you with loving arms, and my wish of wishes is that brightest joy and sweetest pleasure all along the roadway of life may be ours as one."

The young moon continued to settle, and finally it sank, as if going to youthful slumber. Rose's head also settled till it was pillow'd on the downy couch, and there, recumbent, she and her husband passed to sleep through delightful and half unconscious moments. They slept long and sound. When they awoke, they found to their astonishment that the night had gone. On looking out of the window they saw the dew, in the foreshadowing of the sun, clinging like silver links to the side of a near hill.

Rose was weak and weary, and Charles heavy and stupid. In this state they staggered to their room. Late they slept, and breakfast was ordered to their room. The waiter said she had called them to lunch

at nine in the evening. But, unconscious of human events and words, entranced they remained.

As they descended the stairway in the morning on their passage to the sitting-room, Rose said :

“Charlie, dear, you look worn and sad !”

“No,” he said, “I am not sad ; but I was thinking over my dream. It passed through my brain last night while I lay in your embrace upon the lounge, and going to the room reminds me of it.”

“What did you dream, my dear ?” asked Rose, tapping him on the cheek with the tips of her fingers.

“I dreamed,” replied he, “that I was sitting by the tomb of some renowned hero, on a lonely island. At first the day was bright and fine, then it suddenly changed to dark and cloudy. The tomb was in a small patch of fertile land, and all about the scenery was rocky, rough and rugged. A brilliant light, quick as the lightning’s shaft, passed about me. I tried to call you, but could not. I felt that you had gone away, but knew not how or where ; and so the dream left me. It has also left a kind of sadness lingering in my mind, why, I know not.”

Rose put her arm about his neck, and, sealing her lips to his, said :

“Don’t worry your dear self about that dream, it will soon be forgotten, as other dreams are.”

Continuing, she said, “Last evening I made a second wish ; it was that we might never part, and our present delight have neither shadow nor end.

“Yes, yes ! O Erin’s Rose and mine,” said Charlie, “that I could know that our ecstatic state would never

end. You know we cannot lift the veil that shuts out the future. True, it lifts with time, but only as the moments fly. It has not gained a hair's breadth since creation, and never will in time. God alone is able to see the end from the beginning. In His wisdom and love he keeps the future dark to mortal minds. Last night may have been the one night when our future was written in the eternal councils, on the page of the everlasting records. Our future may be written there even to the close of our mortal lives, just as we keep a record of passing events on earth. In the east they have the night of nights, commonly called the night of power. 'It is better,' says Mahomed, "than a thousand months. Therein do the angels descend, and the spirit of Gabriel, by the command of God, writes down what is to happen to every person and thing in the next year." Last night may have been the one actual night in which my future was written and dimly revealed to me in a dream."

A coach that had been ordered, at this moment arrived, and Charlie and Rose were driven to the suburbs of the city, where they spent the afternoon, and on arriving home in the evening, were met by Captain Jule Le Messuerire, attired in full military uniform.

CHAPTER X.

LETTER.

PAR. BALLON MONTÉ

Now the time had arrived for Charles Pinson to

take upon himself the duties of Lieutenant in the French army. Pinson was a splendid specimen of an English soldier, and of a sailor as well. He stood half an inch over the six feet mark, and was proportionately stout. He was young, active and strong. He had strong vital and muscular power. He soon picked up the drill. He had served fourteen months in a corps of the British regular artillery. He found his previous military training of great service to him.

In a short time he proved that he would be a worthy opponent to the best French swordsmen. He had a quick eye, light hand, active and long arms. He became a general favourite with the men of his company, and also with all the officers whose acquaintance he had formed. He knew the French language, and spoke it quite fluently, and had taught his wife enough of the language to enable her to get along without very much difficulty.

He had the privilege of living with his wife, and while he was making rapid advances in his drill, Rose was being instructed in music and in the French language by competent teachers. Le Messuerire was a frequent visitor at the lodging of Charlie and Rose, and as time wore apace, other officers occasionally dropped in to spend a few minutes in their company.

Although Rose had been on the stage and dressed in a style to attract the attention of an audience, she never appeared in gaudy attire while in Paris. She usually dressed in a neat and plain manner. She possessed a form that appeared equally fine in print, in silk or satin. Rose was one of those women who

look better in a neat print gown, than many do who attire themselves in the richest and most costly material. The former carry their beauty in their forms and faces, and attract by their modest manner; superficial aids detract, rather than add to their appearance. Pinson remarked to his friend, Le Messuerire, as he looked at Rose on his marriage morn:

"Captain, my wife, without a star or other jewel to deck her person, is handsome enough for me, and her presence would adorn any society."

A description of the daily life of Charlie and Rose while in the French Capital, would be both uninteresting and tedious, suffice it to say, that, as the day rolled away into night and night into day, their love for each other increased.

Pinson one evening, after returning from a hard and steady day's drill, said to his wife:

"Rose, we are not bound together by what some people call a golden cord of love, ours are bands thick, broad and strong, welded together more surely than those of any artillery, tested and proved."

They lived together in this blissful state, while a little cloud skirting the eastern border of the French Empire was gradually expanding, darkening and lowering; and sooner than was expected by any person in Paris, it had settled over a large portion of the empire and surrounded its Capital, bringing storm, death and ruin in its track.

The war came. France and Prussia measured their strength on many fields, and amid the crash and wreck many loving hearts were separated. The human tide

of invasion, that went like a flood over the country and crept to the walls of its Capital, there shut in a sea of humanity from the outer world.

We have arrived at the day when Lieutenant Charles Pinson wrote his last letter to his mother from within the Prison walls of Paris. The letter was sent by Balloon Post to the English Capital. His mother at the time was visiting some friends at Hereford Square, London. A portion of the letter is here given:

5 RUE DES 2 PORTES ST. —

PARIS, Sept. 30th, '70.

MY DEAR MOTHER:—

I send you these few lines per Balloon Post. Bismarck's sweet lambs are surrounding us by land and water. The Balloon is the only medium left for the conveyance of our correspondence, which, by order, must be of the scantiest,—weight and space being a great consideration. As you are aware, I am still in the Volunteer Artillery of the National Guard.

The Marine Artillery, who occupy the forts in advance of us (who occupy the fortifications of Paris proper), invariably dismount all the guns of the enemy as soon as they get into position, so that we have come to no harm as yet.

Some of the fellows in our Marine Artillery are wonderful marksmen. One of them dismounted forty-seven guns in forty-seven shots for which he has got the cross of honor; and well he deserves it.

There are no cowards here. The few that were have been shot. Man, woman and child are all prepared for the worst, and to do the worst.

Since I have been here 400,000 National Guards have been armed. We have about 300,000 regulars and Mobile, plenty powder, shot and shell, and plenty of provisions. Frenchmen are wonderfully quick to learn Militia duties, drill, etc., and men that a few weeks ago hardly knew a Chassepot from an Elephant, now drill like old troops, and keep admirably steady under fire and against odds. The Mobile and Volunteers are our picked troops. Those from Brittany have earned a deserved reputation.

Before coming into action they all kneel, and the priest that has come up with them from their homes gives them his blessing after a short prayer, then as they step forward the priest holds the crucifix as they pass by. They bow their heads as they march forward. They advance, literally, a wall of steel, and never give way an inch, whatever be the odds.

Those good Britons are bravery itself; and though they are rather thick-headed as barrack soldiers, they are splendid at guerrilla warfare, and put the Uhlans to rights. You must not think that all the horrors of war with which we are surrounded—wounded and dead men, burning woods and houses, the sound of cannon, bursting of shells, etc.,—affect, in a great degree, the Boulevards. If it were not that every man one meets reminds one, by his military garb, of the business of the hour, one would never dream that Paris is invested. The streets are full of ladies and children. The cafés full of men carelessly joking, smoking, playing dominoes, etc., just as if the Prussians were a thousand miles off and never thought of coming.

Only if a drum beats, you see them cheerfully drop the joke, the smoke, the play, shoulder the rifle, calmly drop into their ranks and march off without more ado, at the word forward to the front. As yet we have only lost about two hundred and fifty men; the enemy must have at least lost ten thousand. The odds seem big, but are accounted for by our gunners fighting them under cover.

However, before long we expect something hot, very hot, but we are quite ready. I would apologize for this scribble, but volunteer gunners have little time for company manners.

With love to you and all at home,

I am, dear mother, your loving son,

CHARLES PINSON.

P. S.—*September 30th, p. m.*—I have just received word that we are to be sent forward with field pieces. Rose is well. Up to this time I have been enabled to see her once in twenty-four hours; sometimes, as I stated in my last, I have for hours been beside her. She is aware that the time has come when we may not meet for days. She joins me in love to all. Please do not let my sister know that I may be in the thickest of it. May is delicate, and such news might trouble her. The bugle sounds for us.

C. P.

CHAPTER XI.

MISSING AT THE ROLL CALL.

The bugle sounded. There was an advance, a sharp artillery duel, and a charge. And all this occurred within a few hours after Charles Pinson had sent the letter to his mother. And a day before the letter was in his mother's hands, he was numbered amongst the missing men.

After the retreat of the Volunteer Artillery, when the roll was called, Lieutenant Charles Pinson did not answer to his name. Captain Le Messuerire was wounded in the affair; his wound was serious, but the surgeon pronounced it not dangerous.

The fight was principally an artillery one. A regiment of French infantry, protected by the fire of their own artillery, advanced toward the enemy's lines, and succeeded in getting down a sloping piece of ground without loss, and had gained the crest of a hill nearer the enemy. The men to the left kept moving their guns steadily toward the enemy. Here the French Volunteer Artillery made a fatal blunder, for as soon as the *infantry* wavered and gave way, the Prussians charged down the hillside after them, and before the Volunteer Artillery realized their perilous position, *Bismarck's lambs* were upon them. A number of French officers and men were killed, wounded, and some were missing. The fight appears to have been one of those affairs which frequently take place, when two large armies are confronting one another, and which lead up to the grand struggle for supremacy.

Captain Le Messuerire was conveyed to his quarters, which were not more than half a mile distant from those he had secured for Pinson and wife. He had been wounded in the right shoulder by a splinter from a shell.

Just as the evening shades began to throw their mantle over Paris, its fortifications and the Prussian host, on the day subsequent to the assault, a lady called at the lodging of Le Messuerire, and inquired if he were at home.

The attendant at the door answered that he was.

The lady said, "Could I see the Captain?"

The attendant replied that the surgeon had left orders to admit no person to his room.

"What is the matter with the Captain?" asked the lady.

"He was wounded yesterday," replied the attendant.

"Has the Captain seen any of his friends since he has been wounded?" asked the lady.

"Yes," replied the attendant, "he has seen a few."

She then said, "Will you have the kindness to take this card to Captain Le Messuerire, and return to me with his reply?"

"I am at your pleasure, madame," said the attendant; at the same time he asked the lady to step into the hall and be seated, until he returned with an answer.

In a few moments the attendant returned, and said, "Captain Le Messuerire desires to see you, and if you will walk to his room I will lead the way."

She replied, "I will follow."

In a few seconds she was at the bed-side of the wounded officer.

Her first words, after the usual salutations, were "Captain, I am sorry to know that you have been wounded; are you doing well under the misfortune?"

"Quite well," he replied; "it gives ease to my pain to see you here. I hope Charles escaped, he was in the thickest of it."

As the wounded man finished the sentence, Rose Pinson's head inclined forward and heavy, drops rolled from her eyes. Le Messuerire looking up saw that Rose was agitated and sad. He ordered his servant to bring a chair for the lady. Before she sat down she spoke with voice low and trembling.

"Captain," she said, "I have neither seen nor heard from my dear Charles since he left my side three mornings since, when he took a letter to post for his mother, which was all ready except a postscript, which he intended to add after he went to the front. I am anxious, most anxious to know how to proceed to gain some information respecting him; this is my errand here this morning. I feel that I cannot pass another night of agony. Oh, Captain! my heart is loaded with grief. I sometimes fear that my Charles, my all in all of earth, has been either slain, wounded or captured in that terrible affair of two days ago. You and he were in the Volunteer Artillery of the National Guard, and here I am to find you wounded. I waited for two long days in deep anxiety for either you or Charles to come and tell me the worst. Oh, Captain! I now fear that his lot is worse than yours. You are well aware how

attentive he was to me, and how punctually he reported when not able to return at his usual time. What shall I do? I tremble at the news! What will it be?"

Captain Le Messuerire, as he lay wounded upon the bed, replied, "My dear Mrs. Pinson, I wish I could rise from this bed and accompany you to Colonel Chasseur of the Volunteer Artillery of the National Guard. All I am able to do at present is to send my servant with you, he is an honest and faithful fellow. If you will consent to go with him, he will drive you to Colonel Chasseur, who can give you a list of the killed, wounded and missing. I trust, Mrs. Pinson, that Charles is yet safe, and you may meet him again, and that soon."

Mrs. Pinson being determined if possible to gather some information respecting her husband, freely and thankfully accepted Le Messuerire's offer, and in a short time was on the road to Colonel Chasseur's quarters. She arrived, and the servant knocked at the door, while the lady he had driven stood trembling at his side. The door was opened, and the Colonel was reported to be on duty. Mrs. Pinson turned, stepped toward the carriage, and then resting her head against it, she pulled her handkerchief from her pocket and held it to her moistened eyes.

While the servant stood for a moment on the pavement, scarcely knowing what to do, he heard steps approach him. In a minute or so an officer dressed in Volunteer Artillery uniform stood before him. The servant bowed and said, "Sir, I attend here with a lady waiting to see Colonel Chasseur; Captain Le Messuerire

ordered me to drive this lady (at the same time pointing toward Mrs. Pinson, who stood against the carriage silent in the gaslight) to Colonel Chasseur; she seeks information."

The Colonel lifted his hat, stepped toward the lady artistically bent forward, and said, "Madame, you desire to see Colonel Chasseur?"

The presence of the officer and his question aroused the sorrowing woman, and faltering, she faintly replied, "I do, sir."

"Will you step into the house," said the Colonel.

"No, sir, I am looking for information respecting my husband, who is missing from me."

The Colonel bowed with that ease and grace so natural to a French gentleman, and said, "Madame, what is your husband's name, if you please?"

"My husband is Lieutenant Charles Pinson of the Volunteer Artillery of the National Guard."

The Colonel, in gentle tones, said, "Madame, I regret to say that your brave husband is missing, he did not respond to his name at the roll-call after the affair on the thirtieth. He may have been killed, wounded, or made prisoner of war by the enemy. I have in my possession all the articles taken off the officers killed in that affair. I believe three officers were killed, several wounded, and two are missing. Would you care to inspect the articles found on the bodies?"

Mrs. Pinson did not reply to the question, but staggered, and would have fallen to the pavement, had not the Colonel caught her in his arms and supported her.

Rose Pinson had fainted. With the assistance of the driver, the Colonel took her into the house, and after she had survived, sent one of his daughters in the carriage to accompany her to her own home.

At ten o'clock next morning Colonel Chasseur drove to Mrs. Pinson's lodging. He was admitted to the very room in which Charlie and Rose sat some months before, one fine evening, watching for the new moon. Finding it difficult to make Mrs. Pinson understand him in his own language, he addressed her in English—he was an excellent English scholar—and said to Mrs. Pinson, "It is nearly as easy for me to talk to you in your native tongue as in my own." After talking to her for some minutes, all the time trying to inspire her with hope and cheer her saddened hours, he said, "Madame, on my return to my home, I will send by a responsible officer, the articles in my possession taken from off the bodies of the dead officers. The young officer who is to convey the articles is a real gentleman, belonging to one of the old French families, and several of his forefathers have left names renowned in the military and political history of France." The Colonel then bowed, stepped to the door, and turning, said, "My time is now my country's—adieu," and was gone.

CHAPTER XII.

BESIDE A CAMP BEDSTEAD.

Almost immediately after Colonel Chasseur had departed, Le Messuerire's coachman arrived with a

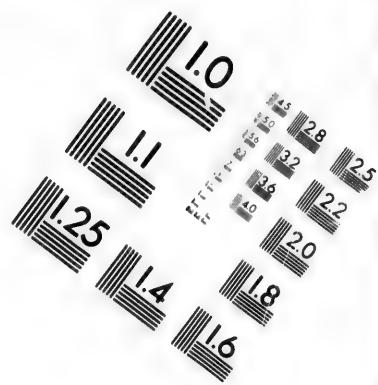
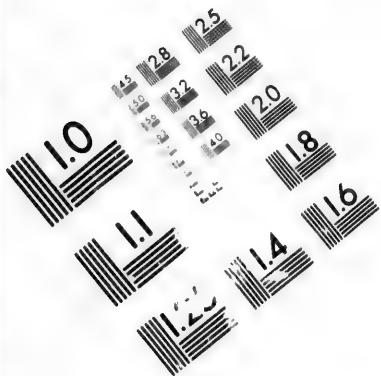
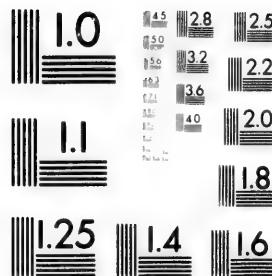
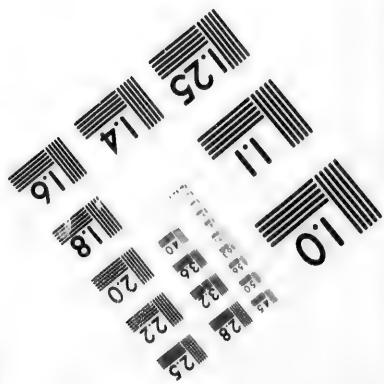


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message, inviting Rose Pinson to return in the coach. She was pleased at the invitation, as every object about her lodging appeared to keep her husband's fate before her, and consequently her sorrow was more intense.

She arrived at Le Messuerire's, and a pressing invitation was sent to the room below for her to come into the apartment where Jule lay wounded. He had been removed into an adjoining room, where he lay on a camp bedstead. The room had always been used by Jule as a lounging and smoking place, and was neatly and comfortably furnished. On the walls were pictures of Napoleon, Ney, Desaix, Kleber, Macdonald, Soult and Junot. A Turkish carpet covered the floor, and the furniture was covered with a neat chintz. A finely polished mahogany book-case stood at the opposite end, well filled with standard works, and a neat writing-table of the same material stood at a window in the side. The two lounges and four chairs were of mahogany, and uniform in pattern, and it was said that they were the property of the Le Messuerires in the reign of Louis XIV.

As Rose Pinson approached the camp bedstead which stood in the centre of the room, Jule Le Messuerire moved his sound arm from underneath the counterpane, and taking hold of Rose's hand, said, "I am very much pleased to see you! How are you this morning, and how did you rest last night? My servant informed me this morning, (I was in a deep sleep when he returned from Colonel Chasseur's last night) that the Colonel sent his daughter as a companion with you.

to your home last evening. The Colonel is all a gentleman, and his heart is full of kindness."

"Yes," replied Rose, "I found in him a real gentleman; but Captain Le Messuerire, you are the only real stay I have in this besieged city, this place of war and death, and yet neither you nor the Colonel have power to restore to me my dear lost husband."

"We have not! but Mrs. Pinson, my whole aim shall be to make you as comfortable as possible while you stay here," replied Jule.

With faltering tongue and quivering lips she replied, "If my dear Charles is dead,"—and here she stopped and put her face in her hands, then continuing in faint and broken words, "If he has been killed, you are the only friend in Paris on whom I can rely for protection and guidance. Oh! the horrors of war, how they pierce my heart. Oh! this city of the slain." Here she settled herself into a chair at the bed-side.

"To you," replied Jule, "be assured that I will not only be a friend, but a brother. I am most anxious that my wound may quickly heal, that I may the better give my services to the protection of my country and to you. To me both are equally dear. We Frenchmen may lose some of our renown and a portion of our country in the great conflict raging around us, yet France will remain ours; we will still live as a nation. Paris should fall. France will rise again, and rise to higher glory than has yet awaited her. Could the great Napoleon descend through the clouds and plant his feet upon the soil of France, and buckle on the armour, even now the Prussian host would be driven

from the walls of the city, and Paris, the Capital of our fairyland, would once more be free. All Europe is not at our gates; and combined Europe, in all its mighty strength, only managed with the greatest difficulty to drive the great Napoleon to these walls when in his utmost weakness. Von Moltke is but a shadow when compared with Napoleon the first, and Napoleon the third, whose star has fallen to rise no more, is but a shadow beside Von Moltke as a military commander. It is quite likely I would have escaped this wound and your husband death, if Napoleon the first had been reigning instead of Napoleon the third at the beginning of this terrible struggle. Paris would not have been invested, and there would have been no very dangerous work for the Volunteer Artillery of the National Guard."

At the close of Jule's animated words, Rose took his hand in hers, and wishing him a speedy recovery from his wound, left his bedside and was driven to her lodgings.

About an hour after she had returned to her home a messenger arrived. He was shown into the room where Charles and Rose had spent a large part of their honeymoon,—the room in which they had so eagerly watched for the new moon. In a few minutes Rose stood in the presence of a dashing young officer. He was attired in full uniform of the Cuirassiers, and he was slightly lame from the effects of a wound received at Eberbach in the battle of Woerth on the sixth of August. He introduced himself as Lieutenant Guinnot bearing a parcel and message from Colonel Chasseur, of

the Volunteer Artillery of the National Guard, who was a near relative of his.

The young French officer was about twenty-two years of age, and stood about five feet ten inches in height, well-proportioned, square-shouldered; he possessed a firmly knit body, muscular and lithe rather than stout, clean limbs, with free and graceful movement; his hands were small but sinewy, with the nervous grip, denoting ready decision and warmth of heart. His hair was short and black; his moustache, like very early spring grass, began to show itself. His nose was large, straight and finely formed, and not too prominent; the flashing light of his bright black eye animated and cheered those in his presence.

The pair conversed for fully ten minutes, when the youthful and handsome officer said that he must be moving, that he had enjoyed his short visit, and would call again, if acceptable. "You, madame, may open the parcel at your leisure, it is from Colonel Chasseur, and contains some articles you desire to inspect."

Rose took the parcel to her boudoir, closed the door and opened the package. The first object that caught her eye was a watch. She took it in her hand and closely examined it.

"This," she said in a whisper, "is Charlie's watch, there is his monogram on its cover; his dear mother gave it to him on our marriage six months ago."

After taking several other articles out of the parcel, he came to a ring.

"This," she whispered, "is his ring; here are also his initials on its inner circle and in small stones out-

side. I must now make up my mind that I am alone. A young widow in a strange city, away from friends, alone! alone! What am I to do? Whither am I to flee? Oh, that the shadows would fall and night close in around me, that my eyes in the darkness might gush out the sorrowing waters as they flow from a heart stricken with the rod of affliction! Then I could weep my way unnoticed to an unconscious rest."

She threw herself upon her bed overpowered with grief, and as the evening shades drew about her, her sorrow hid itself in sleep.

She woke not until the youthful day had gradually and silently lifted the veil that covered her. She rose unlike the morning sun, who, in his increasing strength showered rays of brightness over the imprisoned city; her body was weak with saddened thought and her mind darkened by despair. A gloom deep and heavy rested upon her soul,—a gloom it may have been in kind like to the eternal one, where souls are said to fret and mourn because of unending separation.

She arranged her attire, then, without partaking of a morsel of nourishment, left her room, went to the street door and quickly and excitedly walked to the lodging of Jule Le Messuerire. As she was shown into the apartment of the wounded officer, he at once noticed her worn look and tottering step. After the usual salutations by meeting friends, Le Messuerire ordered his servant to bring him "Victor Hugo's Waterloo" from the book-case. His order was obeyed, and Jule requested Rose Pinson to read aloud from one of its chapters, and when she had finished, he said to her:

"Now, Mrs. Pinson, do promise to come again this afternoon and read to me from 'Abbott's Napoleon at St. Helena'? I will send for you at three o'clock."

Rose, having stepped from the bedside said, "Captain, I will come at the earliest opportunity. I expect Colonel Chasseur to send for the articles he sent to my lodging yesterday. We will talk about them when I call here again."

"Yes," replied Jule, "keep your mind as easy as possible, and when you feel lonesome, just run over here, you are always welcome. How I wish I could get from this bed and be your companion in walking and driving."

Rose then left and was driven to her home. She had not been there long before Lieutenant Guinnot was at the door. He was shown into the room where she had seen Rose on the previous day. In a few minutes Mrs. Pinson stepped into the room. As she entered her eye looked upon the uniform of Lieutenant Guinnot. He advanced to meet her; a smile played over his face and danced in his sparkling black eye. He bowed and said:

"Madame, how do you find yourself this morning? The Colonel is on duty, and requested me to call and inquire after your health and receive the parcel. Colonel Chasseur is deeply interested in your welfare, and I need not add that I am equally so."

Mrs. Pinson replied, "I thank you, and also the Colonel, for the kindly interest you show toward me, but the hours as they pass away cannot bear with them my load of sorrow."

Guinnot, in soft and musical tones, remarked, "That he was pained when he thought of her situation,—her misfortune was great; that he had not had the pleasure of her husband's acquaintance, but had heard from the Colonel and other officers that he was a very brave and efficient officer. And," continued he, "if you will pardon the expression, I would also add that he was a most fortunate gentleman to have gained the love, affection and companionship of so excellent and talented a lady as yourself."

Rose Pinson did not reply, but in silence gazed upon the carpet.

The young Cuirassier advanced; Rose put out her hand. He took it in his, and with his black starry eyes playing and twinkling full upon her face, she seemed to cheer up; in his presence her burden appeared to hang less heavily upon her soul. He said as he held her hand:

"Mrs. Pinson, I must be going; duty to my country calls me to my post. You may keep the watch and ring, which you recognize as the property of your lamented husband. I will be answerable to the Colonel for them. I hope to call and inquire after your health soon again; but I may never come again. I also may lose my life in action; if so, I shall leave no youthful loving wife. I have none to leave; yet, if I fall, I shall go to earth with one I love imaged on my heart. **Adieu.**" And he was gone.

CHAPTER XIII.

SAILING THROUGH THE CLOUDS.

About four o'clock Rose Pinson was again at the bed-side of Jule, who at once saw a change in her appearance for the better. She had freshened up since her visit in the morning; tints of pink had found their way to her cheeks, and her eye looked clear and healthy.

Said Jule, "Mrs. Pinson, it heals my wound I do believe, I know it cheers my heart to see you looking fresh and bright; yesterday and this morning you appeared so sad, as though wrapped in your sorrowing thoughts."

"Yes," she replied, "we mortals act and re-act upon each other for good or evil, to increase our sorrows or our joys, to increase each other's happiness or misery. Your kindness toward me and interest in me have kept me from utter prostration; the fluttering wings of weak hope have so far held me up, and at this hour a stronger hope appears to bear me up on steadier wings."

"The more, Captain Le Messuerire," she continued, "that I know of the young French officer whom Colonel Chasseur sends to inquire after my health, the stronger and brighter I feel. It does so cheer me to hear him talk, and watch his easy grace, his handsome figure, his tall and graceful presence, his free, open and courteous manner, and with all his seemingly noble qualities, he is reserved, shy and unobtrusive. While personal appearance he does not much resemble my

dear lost Charles, yet in act and conversation he forcibly reminds me of him."

Jule did not in any sense reply to Rose, but said, "My dear Mrs. Pinson, have you written to Charles' mother since his death?"

She replied, "I have not, but have thought I should do so."

"Yes," said Jule, "had you not better do so at once?"

She consented, and went to the writing-table and penned a letter to Charles' mother.

Jule lay wondering what power or magic the young French officer had exerted upon the pretty widow. He now realized more than ever the necessity of being able to drive out. He would take Rose with him, and he had no doubt from what he knew of her temperament, that the ever changing scenes of the outer world would attract her thoughts from her husband's fate, and nip them in the bud from being centered and held by the magnetism of the young Cuirassier.

As these thoughts were troubling Jule, Rose came over to his bed-side and read to him the letter she had written to her mother-in-law. It was as follows:—

5 RUE DES 2 PORTES ST. —

Paris, Oct. 10th, 1870.

MY DEAR MOTHER:—

I hope to see you some day soon, I know not when. We are completely shut in by the German host. How long this state of affairs will continue none can say. O, that I could see you! my sorrowing heart would be tinged with a ray of hope. My distress is great. I tremble to send you the sad, sad news. My dear husband (your dear son) is dead. He was killed while gallantly leading his men on the thirtieth of September. I have in my possession his watch and ring taken off his person on the fatal field. He

head was carried away by a cannon shot or shell. I can write no more. Remember your daughter in your prayers, your daughter in a strange land, amongst a strange people, surrounded by the engines of death. The French I find a kind race. Captain Jule Le Messuerire is my stay and comfort; he watches over me with a brother's care. He insists that I daily visit him. He lies at his home seriously, but not dangerously, wounded. Write to me if you can, soon. Accept the love of your sorrowing daughter, and to my friends extend my love also.

Yours, in grief,

ROSE PINSON.

P. S.—Jule sends his affectionate regards, and says he will write you as soon as he is able to use his arm.

R. P.

Le Messuerire ordered his servant to take the letter to Colonel Chasseur's quarters, and ask him if he would please have it forwarded per first Balloon Post.

When the servant came back and told his master that the Colonel had sent the letter to the office, and it would probably leave Paris in the night, Rose Pinson felt, as she expressed it, "a certain bit of relief."

Jule now inquired of the surgeon how long before he would be able to be up and about.

The doctor replied, "If all goes as well in the next week as in the last few days, you will be able to drive out in two weeks from now."

The days rolled slowly away, and with the passing time Jule's anxiety to be about increased.

Rose spent the time in visiting Jule, and in receiving occasional visits from the youthful Cuirassier. When shut in from the outer world, in the quiet of her own room, she would think over the short sweet past and its terrible end. As the days followed each other into the long past, her hatred of the Prussians increased,

and oftentimes she felt inclined to blame Jule Le Messuerire for her husband's death; and on one occasion told the Captain that sometimes she could not help feeling that her present trouble came to her through his instrumentality, as she doubted whether her husband would have been an officer in the French army without his intercession.

Jule got over the difficulty by sharing the blame and promising to do all in his power to make her happy. He said to her the day after the Colonel had mailed the letter, "It may be, my dear Mrs. Pinson, that Charles' mother will feel that I am indirectly connected with her son's death. I would willingly have lost my life to have saved his, and would do so now could he be restored to you."

Rose wept at his words.

"Alas! Alas!" he continued, "life is full of sorrows I mourn that yours have commenced in the morning of joy and hope."

Time rolled on, and so did the German host. No letters came from Charles' mother. The siege continued, the circle of the enemy surrounding the city gradually narrowed, and the bombardment became terrible.

At last, through the horrors of war, grief at her husband's fate, her anxiety about her mother-in-law and about her own physical condition, Rose Pinson became very dejected in spirits and quite ill. Jule ordered his physician to call and see her. He reported that all that could be done to help her would be to get her out of Paris and to her friends in England. He

said a change of scenery and absence from where she had been stricken with grief, would probably help her, medicine she did not require. Her constitution was sound and rugged, but her nerves were becoming weaker, and in a short time would be shattered, and every day was adding to her despondency and weakness.

Jule, for the past two weeks, had taken her out every day for a drive, and often twice during a day, and the young Cuirassier had been obliged to give up his visits, so often had he called in the past two weeks and in every instance finding Rose absent from her home.

Rose Pinson, during one of her later drives with Jule Le Messuerire, unthinkingly said, "Captain, I really believe that if I could spend an hour each day in conversation with the young French Cuirassier, it would benefit me more than anything else."

Le Messuerire now lost no time in arranging for Rose's escape from Paris; he secretly feared that the young officer was gradually winning her affection. He rode out on two occasions to consult with Colonel Chasseur as to the best means to be employed in getting Rose out of the city. But the day following Rose Pinson's open confession respecting the young officer's salutary influence over her, Jule had an audience with the Colonel. The Colonel was at his post, and all about cannon shots were tearing the ground, and shells whizzing and bursting above and around. Colonel Chasseur promised to meet Jule at eight o'clock in the evening at his tent.

In the evening he drove to Chasseur's tent, Rose Pinson accompanying him. When they arrived, Jule alighted, leaving Rose in the carriage in charge of his servant. As Le Messuerire, on foot, approached the camp of Colonel Chasseur, he was stopped by an orderly who stepped back to the camp, and in a few seconds a young beardless officer in full uniform appeared in the moonlight. He stepped toward Jule and asked his mission. Jule replied :

"If you please, I wish to speak with Colonel Chasseur." (The conversation was carried on in French.)

"What name shall I carry to the Colonel?" said the young officer.

"Captain Le Messuerire," replied Jule.

The name was taken in, and the young officer returned and said, "Sir, Colonel Chasseur will be pleased to see you, follow me."

The young Cuirassier came out of the tent and approached the carriage; Rose Pinson recognized him at first sight. They talked a few minutes, when the officer invited Rose to walk with him to the tent; she consented, and the pair soon stood at the door of Colonel Chasseur's tent.

They had not stood there long before the Colonel and Le Messuerire approached the door.

When Le Messuerire stood on the outside of the door, he saw Rose and the young Cuirassier standing with their backs toward him, and in earnest conversation. Jule bowed as he left the tent door and hurried to his carriage. He ordered his servant to go and say

to Mrs. Pinson that he was waiting her return. The servant met her about half-way between the tent door and the carriage, delivered his master's message and returned. She, in company with Lieutenant Guinnot, was on her way to the carriage. She arrived, and was assisted to her seat by the young Cuirassier. She thanked him; he lifted his hat, and made a bow that would have envied a Chesterfield. Not a word was spoken by Jule, neither was he addressed by Guinnot.

After the carriage had reached a main road and was about to enter one of the streets of Paris, Rose broke the silence that reigned in the carriage by asking Jule if any arrangement had been made for her escape from the city. He replied in rather a stiff way, "that Colonel Chasseur would be able in a day or two, he hoped, to suggest some plan for her safe escape." Rose was dropped at her lodging. A formal good-night was given her by Le Messuerire. Rose Pinson plainly saw by Jule's silence and manner, that she had wounded his feelings.

She was going to tell Le Messuerire on the way home from Colonel Chasseur's, that she had arranged to meet Lieutenant Guinnot at eleven the following morning at her lodging, but she considered it better not to do so, after she had so plainly noticed Jule's displeasure.

The fact of the matter was, that Guinnot loved Rose Pinson equally as well as Jule Le Messuerire did; but Rose, whose love was boundless, loved the young Cuirassier fully one degree better than she did the Volunteer Artillery Captain.

The next morning Le Messuerire called at Rose's home, spent an hour in pleasant conversation, and then left, promising to return an hour after midday and take her for a drive.

Ten minutes after Jule had left, Lieutenant Guinnot arrived, with a splendid carriage and pair, and invited Rose Pinson for a drive. She freely accepted, and not long afterward they were enjoying a pleasant drive through a most beautiful portion of Paris. On the homeward journey Rose told Guinnot that in a few days, at most, she would be freed from the city, as Colonel Chasseur was arranging for her escape. He replied that he had been made aware Capt. Le Messuerire was determined to get her away, and he was deeply impressed that Le Messuerire was the principal in trying to get her out of Paris.

Rose replied, "You are mistaken, Lieutenant, it is on the recommendation of my physician that I am about to leave."

When the carriage arrived at Rose Pinson's lodging Jule Le Messuerire was there in waiting. He said to Lieutenant Guinnot :

"I trust you have had a pleasant drive." And then turning to Rose, he politely said, "I also hope you have enjoyed the drive, it is your last."

Guinnot turned toward Rose, gracefully bowed, and in an instant jumped into his carriage and was soon out of sight.

When Le Messuerire and Rose had reached the sitting-room, the former pulled from his pocket a note and read it to Rose. It ran thus:—

SATURDAY, 6 a. m.

MY DEAR CAPTAIN LE MESSUERIRE:—

I have about completed arrangements with a celebrated balloonist. He agrees to take the lady beyond the reach of the enemy for a considerable sum of money (1000 francs), which amount I could not promise till I saw you. Please reply at once, or call in person.

Yours, LOUIS CHASSEUR, Col. V. A. N. G.

Le Messuerire at once drove to the Colonel's, agreed to the terms, and left for his home. On arriving he found a letter on his table, which he immediately opened. It ran as follows:—

METBIN'S CAFÉ, Saturday.

CAPTAIN JULE LE MESSUERIRE:—

Sir,—I am strongly impressed that you are determined to put an end to my interviews with a most estimable widowed lady; if my impression is correct, I desire an explanation.

J. E. GUINNOT, Lieut. C.

Jule, who was a cool, determined young officer, and as brave as a lion, sent at once the following in reply:

SATURDAY NIGHT, 9 o'clock.

LIEUT. J. E. GUINNOT:—

Sir,—Your note is received; I have nothing to explain.

JULE LE MESSUERIRE, Capt. V. A. N. G.

Early on Sunday morning Jule received the following reply:—

FORTIFICATIONS OF PARIS,

Sunday morning, 7 o'clock.

CAPTAIN LE MESSUERIRE:—

Sir,—You have not answered by an explanation, now ask of you a personal explanation.

J. E. GUINNOT, Lieut. C.

The following reply was at once forwarded by Capt. Le Messuerire:—

SUNDAY, 10 o'clock a. m.

LIEUT. J. E. GUINNOT:—

Sir,—A personal explanation will be afforded you at seven o'clock to-morrow morning; meet my agent at Metbin Café at four this afternoon to make arrangements and choose weapons.

JULE LE MESSUERIRE, Capt. V. A. N. G.

Agents of both men met at Metbin's Café at the appointed hour; everything was arranged; the duel was to take place in a secluded part of the suburbs, pistols to be used. Two seconds and two surgeons, with two other friends, were all that were to be present.

Both parties were at their post on the battle-ground early the next morning. The spot chosen for the duel was between the inner and outer fortifications, in a hollow surrounded by some trees. No time was lost after the principals had arrived on the ground; they prepared themselves while the ground was being marked. At six o'clock and fifty minutes, the combatants stepped to their respective positions. Jule looked cool and determined; Guinnot appeared restless but confident and smiling. The word, fire! was given; shots were exchanged, and Lieutenant Guinnot staggered and was caught in the arms of his second and surgeon. On examination, a severe wound, from which the blood flowed freely, was found in his right side; a rib had been fractured. The surgeon reported the wound not fatal. Capt. Le Messuerire was hit in the fore-arm—a flesh wound. Le Messuerire walked over, took the wounded Lieutenant by the hand, then proceeded to his carriage, and in a few minutes was flying by earthworks, &c., toward his quarters.

It was afterward reported that Guinnot brought on the duel with the hope that Jule Le Messuerire would be slain.

Rose knew nothing of the duel, and Jule had taken every precaution to keep it from her.

The next morning (Tuesday) she left Paris in a balloon. When the time arrived for her departure, she shed tears. To the Colonel she said :

"I can never repay you for your great kindness to me, and have my assurance that I shall never forget you ; my heartfelt thanks I now give you."

To Jule, as he pressed her hand as she was about to embark on her aerial voyage, she whispered :

"You have been to me in every way like a brother ; without your company and the consolation offered by a few other friends, my grief would have crushed me to the earth. I must now leave you, but my thoughts of you will deepen, far away though I be."

As the balloon rose, Jule kissed the tips of his fingers and waved his hand. Rose, in return, waved her right hand and let a piece of paper fall from it, which Jule with difficulty secured, as the wind was blowing strongly. It was carried some distance from where he and Colonel Chasseur stood.

The Colonel and Jule were then driven to the tent of the former, where they lunched. After a toast by the Colonel,—"a safe passage through the clouds,"—and a glass of wine by both, Jule and his servant left for home.

On the way to his residence, Capt. Le Messuerire

took the letter from the envelope, in which were four francs to ballast it. The letter read thus:—

FORTIFICATIONS, COL. CHASSEURS TENT,
Sunday evening, 8 o'clock.

DEAR MADAME PINSON:—

Captain Le Messuerire, your lover, and I fight a duel with pistols early to-morrow morning. I believe him mainly instrumental in seeing that you were absent from your home the last seven or eight calls I made. I again acknowledge that I love you and loved you at first sight. I risk all now. If Le Messuerire should be killed, will you not return my love. He will be lost to you if dead. If I should be slain, your image will pass with me to the ethereal world. In sweetest love, adieu.

J. E. GUINNOT, L. C.

In the evening Colonel Chasseur came to Jule's lodging; he was in a hurry, as his services were soon required at the front. He handed Jule a piece of paper half an inch wide, with several folds; one end was twisted and firmly tied with a red silk thread. On the outer fold, written in lead, and very small but plain letters, was the address,

"CAPT. JULE LE MESSUERIRE,
Volunteer Artillery, N. G."

Jule unfolded it; its contents were:—

DEAR CAPT. JULE LE MESSUERIRE:—

Passing amid thunders of artillery, and over the tigers of Prussia, whizzing and whirling shot and shell all around, clouds of smoke curling to the skies, we are passing over the enemy's works. The view from this spot is grand and terrible. Now we are two and a half miles beyond the enemy's lines. A carrier-pigeon moment ago flew into the basket and lit on my gloved hand. The balloonist says it is bound for Paris with cipher despatch. This note I tie to the pretty bird's leg; the balloonist says the bird will carry it, it will not be too heavy or clumsy. Going through the air at this height gives me a strange sensation.

ROSE

This pigeon, before the close of the war, was called

ch were four the "Angel of the Siege," so many times had its mission been successful during the siege of Paris.

CHAPTER XIV.

AT THE WEARY SEAMEN'S HOME.

On Thursday evening Rose Pinson arrived at Her-
ford square, London, where she remained till Saturday,
when she went to Plymouth, and in the evening arrived
at the home of Charles' mother.

The balloon carried her safely across the French
border, and from Belgium she made her way quietly
to London.

Mrs. Pinson, senr., now had to cast a shadow over
her life—the loss of a dear son,—and when Rose arrived
another sorrow was stealing upon the household. After
the news of Charles' death had been communicated to
his reverend parent, who had been seriously ill for
some weeks, he gradually grew worse, and departed
his life in full expectation of joys above, and in joining
the long line of succession within the inner circle
of the throne. On more than one occasion he had been
heard to say, that he feared his son's fate was but a
just punishment for the great sin he had committed in
rejecting orders in the church. Up to the old gentle-
man's death, he had never heard of Charles' marriage.

Rose was introduced as a lady sent from Paris by
Le Messuerire conveying the sad news. How the affair
had been kept from his reverence, it is impossible to
state. The management of the whole affair displayed

excellent tact and judgment on the part of Mrs. Pinson, senr.

Rose Pinson was in delicate health, and the journey had very much fatigued her. She at once wrote to Le Messuerire of her arrival, etc. She also wrote to her mother in Liverpool, stating her loss, sorrow, and safe escape from Paris.

Mrs. Michael Carney received her daughter's letter at a time when there was a re-union of friends and acquaintances at her house in Upper Pitt Street, Liverpool.

A sailor lad passing along the street leading by the Liverpool docks, was attracted by a man handing around small printed bills or dodgers to a crowd of sailors and others near the Huskisson dock gate. The lad was handed a dodger by the man, who said, as he passed it to him :

"My lad, read that and me-ourn not! And when you are done with it, pass it to a fre-end."

The lad's attention was settled on the man; he thought he recognized the voice as one he had heard somewhere before. As the man stepped aside out of the crowd, the thought flashed through the lad's brain that he had seen those feet before, and he said, quite loudly :

"If that is not old Chips, it is some one who has stolen his feet. I will follow the man and see who he is."

As the sailor lad walked along he read the bill, and at the same time, kept an eye on the man. The la-

quickened his pace, and was soon walking beside the man. He looked into his face and said :

"Sir, were you ever at sea?"

"Whe-i, my lad," said the man, "do you ask me this question?"

"Beg your pardon, sir, I mean no insult to you by the question," replied the lad.

Said the man, "De-oo I look like an old salt?"

"No," replied the lad, "you appear more like a superannuated clergyman who has been compelled to rest through overwork in his field of labour, which has been in some country circuit where provisions have been scarce and cash rare."

"Wa-al ! Wa-al !" replied the man, I ge-ess you, my lad, have bin in Amerika and te-ouched the te-ip of the eagle's tail."

"My na-me," replied the lad, "is William Mintha, once adrift upon the broad bosom of the Atlantic ocean, washed from the ill-fated ship "Hesione," off the western coast of Newfoundland."

"Wa-al ! Wa-al ! By the thirty-eight ste-ars and everlasting be-ars, where on arth did you ooze from?" asked the man.

Mintha replied, "I was picked up by a French gantine bound from France for St. Pierre, and landed at the latter place, sailed from there to Bordeaux in the same vessel, and since then have made the circuit of the world."

"War be you housing?" said the man.

"My quarters are nearly opposite the Canada dock, Billy Burns'," replied Mintha.

"Wa-al, that's far de-own, my rooms are at Upper Pitt Street, in a he-ouse kept by Captain Michael Carney. Ke-ome ova thar at eight o'clock this evening and we'll talk ova intermediates," said the man. "Ne-ow," continued he, "be-isness is be-isness, I must be on my patrol; will be relieved at eight. Ke-all."

They parted.

At the hour appointed, Mintha walked into Michael Carney's bar-room, and inquired if this was Captain Carney's establishment.

"Faith it be," replied a stout man sitting on a bench opposite the bar, and stopping a moment to look all over Mintha, he continued, "Do yees want to sa the Captain? If yees do, it's mesef that's him."

"How long has Captain Carney been keeping house in Liverpool?" asked Mintha.

"Aboot thra year, me lad, or oover. I retired from the sa aboot four year agone, when I bought that ship ye sa thar, making one of the quickest passages, as they calls it, on record," pointing as he spoke to a picture hanging against the wall, representing a barque in the offing at Sandy Hook. And then pointing to another picture hanging beside it, representing a brigantine beating out of Havana harbour, he continued "My first voyage as Captain was in that vessel ye sa thar, some fifteen year agone."

Said Mintha, "Captain, I shall state my business here this evening, it is to see a medicine man."

"Be it Dochter Jathmell, shir?" asked Carney.

"I believe that is the name," replied Mintha.

"Will yees throt up sthairs? He be in his roo-

waiting for a gentleman to call and sa himself," said Carney.

Mintha followed the Captain up a narrow, crooked stairway, and was shown into the Doctor's room, where the old shipmates talked over intermediates ; the Doctor relating his wonderful success as a medicine man, and Mintha relating his history as a sailor since they parted in the middle of the Atlantic ocean.

While they were conversing, Mintha hauled a newspaper out of his pocket, and said :

"I want to read to you a more wonderful escape at sea than the one off Newfoundland."

He then read from the paper the following tale :

"Captain Crockett, of the clipper ship 'Tacoma,' reports that his second officer, William Mintha, fell overboard from the fore top-gallant yard, when the ship was running between the Cape of Good Hope and the island of St. Helena, in south latitude 25° 4', east longitude 5° 2'. The ship was running fourteen knots an hour, and quite a sea was moving at the time. A ship was running in our wake, which afterwards proved to be the British clipper 'Swallow,' bound for London. The 'Tacoma' was hauled toward the wind, and a boat lowered and manned ; but by the time all this was accomplished, the second officer was quite near the 'Swallow.' Lines and life-belts were thrown to the drowning man from the latter ship, but he missed them all. A noble fellow at the wheel of the 'Swallow' caught up a life-buoy lying near his feet with his right hand, while he held to the wheel with his left. He threw the buoy with such precision and force, that it struck the water about two feet from Mintha, who seized it and was saved. A few minutes later he was rescued by the boat's crew and brought on board the 'Tacoma,' in an insensible and exhausted condition. The second officer says he would have sunk before the boat's crew were able to reach him, and he owes his life to the sailor who threw him the life-preserved, just as he was about to sink."

"That was a close haul, Doctor," said Mintha.

"It war, my fre-end, kle-ose on kle-osing e-out in low latitude," said the Doctor. Then, after a few moments silence, he continued, "Wa-al, che-um, what about the lift off Newfe-oundland? I ke-onsidered that you war marketed as salt codfish long ago."

"I'll relate to you in a few words," replied Mintha, "that escape."

"After being washed from the deck of the 'Hesione' on to the unquiet breast of the deep, I drifted with the winds and seas, and threw the water out of the boat with my boots. The shades of night closed around, and I was buried in darkness. Rain poured out of the thickening clouds. The angry billows lowered their heads and seemed to toss themselves to sleep. I became unconscious of my danger, or that I was drifting on the borders of the cold waters.

"A noise aroused me from my stiffened slumber, and in a state midway between life and death, I opened my heavy eyes. I found myself lying in the boat with my head at the stern. An impression like the lightning's flash passed through my aching brain, that I was passing through some happy region. All around and above appeared crystal walls; my boat appeared to be sitting in an emerald sea; steeple-like points of shining pearl seemed to reach to the brightest stars I ever saw. These steeple points, like spars of gallant ships, were moving majestically through the clear blue, starry canopy. I gradually realized my situation; on either side of my boat, and within half a mile of it, was a huge iceberg. The full light of the increasing moon streamed through their spires and shot down their

sides. Between these bergs, and about a quarter of a mile from my boat, was the long, low, black form of a steamer, slowly moving by. Like a snail she crept along. I shouted, but received no answer. I shouted again and again, but no answer came. Slowly and cautiously the vessel steamed from me, and at last passed safely through the icy narrows. She was gone, and I was left to the Fates.

"The bergs were approaching each other; the attraction seemed to grow stronger as they neared one another. I knew that I must make an effort to get out of the strait, or be crushed in death's cold embrace. On they came, and I was very weak. I took my boot—it was a long sea boot—and, holding it by both straps, I put it over the side of the boat and jerked it through the water. I pulled it toward the stern; as it filled and moved, the boat forged ahead. In this way I slowly crept through the jaws of death, which crashed together as the stern of my boat passed out. Then, down, down thundered and crashed a thousand pieces of ice—minarets, steeples and spires,—looking like meteors as they shot off the ends and sides of the floating crystals. No heavy pieces, fortunately, struck my frail bark,—they shot beyond her; but she was hemmed in by a thousand pieces of broken ice, and there she lay. In the morning a French vessel from Bordeaux picked me up. The Captain said to me, after I was on board, 'Why, Jack, when we first sighted you, your little boat seemed to be sleeping in a bed of mother-of-pearl. We had a hard time to bring you to your senses.'"

"Now, Doctor, I have finished. I have been too long in relating the story, and you have exhibited great patience in listening; let us retire down stairs and take something to quicken the pulse."

As the pair left the room, Mintha said, "Hold a moment, Doctor! When we go to the bar, you introduce me as William Mintha, overboard in the South Atlantic, adrift in the North Atlantic, and wrecked in the 'Green Isle.'"

The two quietly passed into the tap-room, where the shelves were studded with pints and quarts of Alsop's, Guinness', Bass', and Blood's. There stood also in profusion bottles of Islay Blend, Glenlivet, Kinnahan's, Rye, Cognac, Jamaica, Champagne Cider, and many other brands. Green casks, with red labels, were ranged around the room. ("Two most appropriate colours,—green for poison, and red for fire," said the Doctor.) On the walls were pictures of shipwrecks, of ships under full sail and reefed sail, in calm and storm, running, beating, lying-to, etc. In a glass case at one end of the bar was a full-rigged ship, finished complete, and beautifully decorated. She was called the "Sovereign of the Seas." At the other end, near the entrance, stood a sort of rack filled with Church-warden clay pipes, and near it a couple of boxes of Black Jack tobacco. On the shelves were numerous boxes of cigars. Above, near the ceiling, were two cages, each containing a chattering parrot, and in the window hung four cages containing canary birds. In the centre of the shelves stood a large cage, containing a monkey named "Erin." Behind, and about the centre

been too exhibited own stairs , "Hold a you intro the South wrecked in om, where quarts of here stood Glenlivet, gne Cider, red labels, t appropri fire," said hipwrecks, calm and glass case ip, finished was called r end, near h Church- f boxes of numerous were two and in the birds. In containing the centre of the bar, stood the proprietor, leaning upon the counter; two brightly polished taps (beer) were at his left; his shirt sleeves were tucked up at the elbows; in his mouth was a short clay pipe,—black-and-tan,—from which the smoke was curling up to the ceiling, like that from the chimney of a cotton factory to the skies. Sitting on a bench against the opposite wall were four seamen. Above their heads, upon the wall, were the words, in large blue letters, "Weary Seamen's Home of Rest." One of the seamen was shivering across the Bay of Whisky, two others were seas under—they were drowned in drink; the fourth had his head back against the wall, mouth wide open, and muttering some unknown tongue.

Mintha, after surveying the place, stepped to the bar with the Doctor, and asked for a drink (something soft). The muttering sailor, with open mouth, (hatches off and waiting for cargo, as the Doctor described it when he first looked at the man), staggered to his feet and shivered his way to the bar, and putting one hand on the Doctor's shoulder and the other on the bar, to steady himself, he looked up in the Doctor's face and worked out, "Go-goin te-do-un, boss?"

The Doctor said, "Captain, give this water-logged sucker a drink."

The sailor took ale, and as he put the mug to his lips, he rolled out these lines:—

"Here's to a living gale
And flowing sea,
A pint of hale,
And a gal for me."

After all had drained their glasses, the Doctor

looked earnestly at Captain Michael Carney, and said:

"Old salt! I have the most material pleasure in introducing to your lowness my bosom fre-end, William Mintha, who was adrift in the North Atlantic, dre-ouned in the South Atlantic,—"

"Belay! belay there, you old medischine-chest!" shouted Carney.

"And," continued the Doctor, "spewed e-out on the coast of old Ireland from the ribs of the "Green Isle."

"Hould! hould!" cried Carney, "you old dried chate, yer's fate be the biggest part of yer understanding, but yees can't play off that "Grane Isle" business any more."

Carney was a typical Irishman of the more ignorant and uneducated class of that fair land; he was brim full of native humour, and turned this quality to good account in his business.

"Come! come! lads all!" shouted Carney, "name yer medischine!"

"Beer! beer!" came from half-a-dozen tongues; and as they raised the mugs to their lips, Doctor Jathmell proposed, off-hand, the following toast:—

"Here's to Captain Meekle Carney, O,
Who liveth by his blarney, O,
As well as by his rye.
He never told a story, O,
Nor voted far a Tory, O,
And knows not how to lie."

"Nor use soft-soap to physic out the gout," added Carney.

It appears that the medicine man, during his four weeks' stay at the "Weary Seamen's Home," had sur-

repetitiously used up a five-gallon keg of soft-soap, which had been sent to Bridget (Michael's wife) by a Nova Scotia seafaring man; and Michael had detected the American in using it in his gout preparations. The Doctor used his sleeping apartment as a laboratory, and Carney one night secreted himself in the room, and came out of his hiding-place as the Doctor was in the act of mixing the soap with some liquid contained in a large can.

"He-old! he-old!" cried the Doctor, when he saw that he was caught. "Captain Meekle, you see my medicine is a pe-owa with a little of your article added; especially for the very ke-ostive."

Carney quickly interrupted him by saying, "Go pay Bridget for the soap, before yees sthagger into Pernambuco, and our yards ba square."

After the Doctor's round had settled, he said to Captain Meekle:

"It is now no use denying it, this is Bill Mintha, who war at your cabin on the S. W. coast of Ireland, and war one of the crew of the wrecked ship, 'Green Isle.' Pe-ot the ke-orn, you old son of Erin, and acknowledge the gre-ist!"

"Be the etharnal ghost of St. Patrick and the living soul o' me, I belave the dead have risen to punish me for me wickedness! Are ye Billy Minthy, sure, at-all, at-all?"

"Now, Captain Carney," replied Mintha, "don't give your body or soul any concern about me, I am the real William Mintha; and well do I remember you and your mistress' kindness to us shipwrecked men."

"But, whist mon," replied Carney, "don't sphoil an ould sthory! It have brought me lots of customers and money—the name I mane, Capt. Meekle Carney."

Meekle then hurried to the doo'r of an adjoining room, and shouted at the top of his voice:

"Bridget! Bridget! me holy love, Come! Come! In me prasans schtands a 'Grane Isle' lad! And, Bithy, yees knows, dear, that yer gaves mesef the name of Captain Meekle, and yer knows, dear, that Meekle was 'o shy on it at firs, as he would ba in mating a bishop."

Meekle put out his hand, and grasping that of Mintha, remarked:

"Lad, we will schware etharnal friendship, and don't yees lift on mesef, hows as I got the name Captain Meekle!"

"Sworn!" said Mintha.

CHAPTER XV.

WILL AND ROSE MEET AGAIN.

Rose remained with Mrs. Pinson, Senr., for a couple of weeks, and then made a flying visit to her parents in Liverpool. Her father at this time had banked about twelve hundred pounds, and was doing a flourishing business. Her eldest brother was a clerk in a ship broker's office. Kate, her sister, was at school. The other two children were also at school.

At her father's she met William Mintha, who at this time had formed quite an attachment to Kate,

who was nearly sixteen years old, and quite handsome. Both Rose and Kate took their good looks from their mother, who was as handsome as her husband was ugly—and he was most homely.

Mintha, who was in his twenty-second year, said to Rose the day following her arrival :

"Your presence here has nearly upset me. Yesterday, as soon as I looked upon you, something seemed to fill my whole nature with a burning desire to never again part from your company. Pardon me," he continued, "my dear Mrs. Pinson, for such a remark, as I am aware of your unhappy state."

"Yes, William, since you left me at our old cabin home,"—and here she stopped and sobbed, "at the old home in Ireland, circumstances have seemed to point me to a course that has kept us from meeting. My grief ! O, my grief ! how great it was, when I heard that you were lost to me. And now another blow has fallen upon me. At times, dear Will, my life has been one of brightest joy ; but no hour in it has been brighter and happier than the one over the bars at the sea shore. Will, you remember—, now it—it is laden with deepest sorrow. Since coming here to visit father, mother, and the rest, I have learned with pleasure that it was my dear, dear Charles who saved your life when you were sinking to sleep in the Southern ocean—"

Here Rose again faltered. "Since then, dear Will, he has left me, and you remain."

"Yes, dear Rose," he replied, with a tear rolling down his cheek, "I was

Adrift, with scudding clouds above,
Around the roaring sea;
Yet, thought I more of thee, my love,
Than of eternity."

"Oh!" replied Rose, "Will, you have seen the lines on your drifting away."

"Yes, Rose," he said, "your mother has them. Charles sent them to her (printed) from London, and Kate was first to read them to me."

Rose did not remain many days at Liverpool; she felt that from Will's attention to her, trouble might arise in the family. Kate already, she knew, was showing a coolness toward her.

Rose left Liverpool for London, accompanied by Mintha and Kate, who returned to Liverpool the next day, and Rose went to reside with her mother-in-law. There she remained until some months after the peace between France and Prussia.

On the sixteenth of January, 1871, she gave birth to a daughter.

In April following Capt. Le Messuerire visited England; he had just previously been spending a few weeks at his father's home in the south of France. His health was not good. He returned to active service soon after Rose Pinson had escaped from Paris. He was again wounded, and to this was added a severe cold and fever. These left him very weak. He arrived in England to visit the Pinsons and gain strength. The home of Mrs. Pinson was in a rural part of a southern English county. The home was well shaded by stately trees, and all about the neighborhood the scenery was varied and enchanting. The place had long been noted

for its excellent walking and driving resorts. Rose's time was well occupied,—she had the care of her child. She had once said to Mrs. Pinson, Senr., "If I cannot have my husband near me, I have the joy of seeing him imaged in the face of his child."

At times she walked and drove with Le Messuerire, and also gave some attention to the flowers and other things about the house.

One beautiful spring evening, as Jule and she were all ready to start on a drive toward the seashore, the Captain received a despatch announcing the death of his father. The drive was postponed, and Jule prepared to depart for France, and left early on the following morning.

The evening before his departure, Rose and he walked about the lawn and through the avenues till quite late, and before they parted, Jule proposed marriage to her.

Rose Pinson had received several letters from Will Mintha. He went so far as to write her that he would spend a few days in Paris, and if she would consent to break with her sister Kate, if she would consent to marry him. Rose Pinson loved Will Mintha; he was her first lover; they had been engaged, and the love he had for him—deep in her being at the old cabin home—deepened silently, till it had entwined itself about her heart and soul, and she felt that she was his, though not by possession.

Her answer to Jule showed her good sense. She replied, "I must ask time to consider your proposal; and you are aware my dear husband has been dead but long been not even months."

Le Messuerire, who was in all things a gentleman, replied that he would not urge the matter—he was willing to wait her pleasure for a reply.

Jule left for his home, and a few weeks later Rose received a letter from him, in which he stated that his father had left the family a neat fortune, in equal shares. He also stated that he would leave for England as soon as his business allowed. In July he once more arrived in London, and almost immediately went from there to the home of the Pinson's. On the night of his arrival Rose and he were betrothed.

Mrs. Pinson, Sr., though a fine lady,—but like most mothers-in-law,—took a hand in the business. She approved of the contract, and agreed to look after her daughter-in-law's child, while the bride and groom journeyed east on their wedding tour.

Jule, who was still ill, thought a voyage to sunnier regions would improve his health, and the best physicians had ordered him to India.

The wedding was quietly celebrated in August, and the pair at once embarked for Australia. The clergyman who performed the marriage ceremony, had for eight months been a weekly visitor at the Pinsons'. At lunch on the wedding morn, he remarked to Le Messuerire :

"You should be the happiest man in England to-day. You, sir, have what falls to the lot of few men to possess. You have been most fortunate in your choice. Your wife is perfection, physically and mentally; her form and features are most unique, and, better than these,—which are in themselves val-

able prizes,—she has wisdom, courage, gentleness, affection, frankness, freedom, truth, industry—and she thinks, lives and acts. Hers is the most perfectly rounded nature that I ever saw, or expect to see."

The clergyman was young, talented, and finely educated. It was hinted that he had fallen in love with the youthful widow on his first visit to the Pinsons, after her arrival from Paris. If this be really so, who will blame the Reverend William Henry Mutase for expressing so exalted an opinion of a young widow, whose physical perfection brought fire to his eyes, as they played from point to point of her form, and caused his heart to quicken in its pulsations when he approached her.

Two months previous to the marriage of Jule and Rose, William Mintha had sailed from Liverpool for New Zealand. He had given up the sea as a profession. While he was at Carney's in Liverpool, an uncle died, leaving him in his own right eight thousand pounds. Will married Kate Carney and took her with him. He wrote Rose shortly before he was married, and said, "You were my first love, and shall be my last. I offered you my hand, and it was accepted. Your sister I love; you I adore."

Doctor Jathmell left the "Weary Seamen's Home" in July and returned to the land of the free and spec, (as he termed the U. S. A.) He had netted by the sale of his Indian Remedies, including Gout Mixture, since his first arrival in England with his chest of patents, a sum of over twenty thousand dollars.

CHAPTER XVI.

TOWARD SUNNY SEAS.

Two hours after their marriage Jule and Rose left the home of the Pinson's for London, where they took passage on a steamship bound for Australia. Among the passengers was an ex-officer of the Prussian army. With this gentleman Jule and Rose became very intimate. He had been all through the campaign of the previous year. He had gone through the war from Woerth to Paris. At the battle of Weissenburg he was but a few paces from the brave Douay when that General was killed. Two days later he was at the battle of Woerth in charge of his company in the German infantry. He said to Jule :

“Captain Le Messuerire, you Frenchmen are as brave as men can be, but you are at times passionate and reckless, especially in the charge. I shall give you but one instance. When Michael's brigade of Cuirassiers and Lancers—one thousand strong—charged down upon us, we had not time to form square, but in numbers we were far superior to the enemy. The leader of the Lancers was a gallant fellow: Murat could not have exhibited more bravery in a charge. On came the Cuirassiers; but our men received them without flinching. Again I repeat, that with wonderful gallantry the one thousand strong attacked a far superior force of German infantry. But that one thousand men were virtually destroyed; the few survivors riding off were met by a regiment of German Hussars and almost all captured. Brave men—they ought to have escaped.

"It is foolish for any one to contend that Frenchmen are less brave to-day than they were in the days of Napoleon the first. No nation in Europe or elsewhere ever raised a braver lot of men than those who charged down upon us at Woerth; but the charge was as ill-timed and more reckless than the charge of the brave British at Balaklava. The commander of the one thousand men was, apparently, not acquainted with the ground, which was unfavourable for cavalry.

"It has been said that Peter the Great never felt fully equipped or prepared without a certain sword, no matter how many others were near at hand. This sword was inscribed with a prayer, and carved upon it also was the figure of St. George, and in all his battles he carried one of the pictures from the Trinity Convent. And we Germans were something like Peter, we did not invade France till we were fully prepared and took with us every thing we wanted; we had perfect equipment, splendid training, good plans, plenty of men and arms, fully provisioned and well officered. These were the foundations upon which the Prussian army gained victory after victory until it sat down at the gates of Paris."

The above expressions of the Prussian grew out of a conversation between Jule and himself respecting the merits of the French and Prussian soldiers during the war of 1870. Rose was present, and the conversation (the first among the party) occurred on the deck of the ship as she steamed along the French coast.

Although Rose had an inveterate hatred of the Prussians, she could not but admire their new acquaint-

ance, he was so honest, frank and decided in his opinion. After this the three were much together during the passage.

Time wore on, and the tedium of the voyage was relieved by the German relating many enlivening stories. He seemed to possess a never-failing supply of most interesting events,—military, social and political,—and he had an attractive way of telling them.

On one occasion, as the 'Enneandria' was nearing the island of St. Helena, and the three were sitting together on the deck, Rose Le Messuerire's keen eye saw something floating in the distance. It looked like a speck in the air. She said to her husband :

"Jule, do you think I could see St. Helena from here?"

"No, no," he replied, "it is over three hundred miles distant."

"Well, my dear," she said, "I see something away over the water, and every moment it appears to be growing gradually larger."

The third officer, who happened to be standing quite near, put his glasses to his eyes, and then said:

"That object you see is a bird approaching the ship. Will you look through the glasses?"

Rose thanked him, took the glasses, but just as she had got them adjusted to her sight, the bird flew athwart the ship, striking in the main rigging and then fluttered overboard, not two yards from where they were sitting. The bird was an albatross sleeping on the wing.

After the excitement of the moment had passed

Rose appeared to grow serious,—a cloud seemed to settle over her. An hour after the bird had fallen into the water and then gone on its course, Rose became so depressed in spirit, that Jule and the Prussian became alarmed.

Jule said to her, "Rose, dear, do you feel ill?"

"No, Jule," she replied, "I am not ill."

"Do you think that the bird was hurt or drowned?" asked Jule.

"No," she said, "I saw it fly from the ocean as though it had quite recovered. But birds have always been a good omen, when they came near me. I mean to say that I have always noticed that when birds flew near me, near my window or across my pathway, good news and happy hours were sure to follow. When the messenger pigeon flew into the balloon and rested the sole of its foot on my wrist, I knew that my escape from Paris was sure. But now I have received the impression, as though by inspiration,—I know not what else to call it,—that trouble is following in my pathway."

Captain Letzen—for such was the German's name—told a lively story, and Jule tried to cast sunshine into his wife's gloomy soul; but the efforts of both were in vain.

She said, "Now Jule and Captain Letzen, promise me that my depressed condition shall not affect either of your enjoyment; the cloud that has thrown a shadow over my life to-day may be but transient. Will you excuse me if I retire to my room and lie down for a short time?"

Her husband assisted her to the state-room, and she was soon after in a deep sleep. Jule sat beside her. After she had slept an hour her husband's anxiety was relieved ; she woke and reported herself as feeling more cheerful. She told Jule to go on deck and sit with Captain Letzen, as he was left alone. Jule, like an obedient husband, obeyed.

Le Messuerire and Letzen were brethren in masonry. This fact established confidential relations between them. As the pair sat together conversing, Letzen said :

"Captain Le Messuerire, I believe you told me the other day that Mrs. Le Messuerire's husband was killed during the siege of Paris, and his name was Lieutenant Pinson."

"You are right," replied Jule.

"One day as we were talking about the relative merits of Prussian and French soldiers, I was about to remark that I had been the means of rescuing several Frenchmen, that would have been slain had I not been near. I will state two instances. At Woerth, as the Cuirassiers and Lancers were riding away, only to fall into the hands of the Hussars, a young French Lancee made a sign with his hands, I saw it and answered with my sword, and rode straight for him. We met. I found that he was badly wounded in both legs. I had him sent to the rear, and gave orders to have him well cared for. He gave his name as Macoeur.

"The other case was at the siege of Paris, in the last week of September, if I rightly remember. A young officer of the French Volunteer Artillery w

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being trampled upon by our men during a retreat of the French ; his words of distress caught my ear as I was passing near where he lay. I ordered two men to pick him up and carry him out of danger. He appeared more dead than alive, and was badly wounded. As soon as I looked upon him I saw that he was an Englishman. I afterwards ordered him to be taken to my tent, where his wounds were dressed. He was very weak ; he had been cut in the arm and shot in the leg. He gave his name as Lieutenant Charles Pinson. About a week later he was sent to Berlin. He presented me with this pin (pulling a pin from his pocket-book), the only article he had about him except his watch and rings. At first I decidedly refused to accept it ; but he persisted that I should take it, and I finally consented. I never saw him afterwards, but heard that he attempted to escape and was recaptured. I suppose he was exchanged after the peace."

Jule Le Messuerire made no reply, but listened throughout with a nervous attention.

Jule then went below to the state-room. He found Rose lying at full length, with her face upward. As he moved toward the bedside, she turned on her side and looked at her husband.

"Oh, Jule !" she said, "I see you, but where are we ?"

He replied, "We are running toward St. Helena, in the morning we will be at Jamestown. The Captain has decided to put in there to repair some accident to the machinery."

"I am quite weak, Jule ; but I am relieved to know that you are beside me," said Rose.

Le Messuerire left the room to look up the stewardess, and soon returned with her. The stewardess looked at the ill woman, and said, "I will get something that will help you," and left. She soon returned, holding in her hand a small bottle containing "Pearl Drops," which she said was a mixture of her own. As the stewardess poured the mixture into a spoon, it dropped like small pearls till the spoon was filled. When Rose had swallowed the draught, she was told to lie still for a few minutes. She obeyed, and in ten seconds time appeared as one dead. A smile played lightly over her face; but her skin became a sheet of pearly whiteness. Five minutes later she opened her eyes, and her skin quickly changed to its natural colour. She then got off the bed without any assistance, and appeared as bright and cheery as she had two days before; the weighty cloud had lifted and pure light had entered her soul.

Captain Le Messuerire turned to the stewardess and said :

"Madame, how did you obtain such electrifying medicine?"

The stewardess answered, "I cannot tell you my secret; but I will tell you this much, a gentleman passenger once gave me a book,—it is nearly five years since,—and in it was marked the following. I know every word of it:

"The feverish state of his stomach induced him to drink much cold water. With characteristic gratitude he exclaimed 'If Fate had decreed that I should recover I would erect a monument upon the spot where

the stewardess looked
nothing that
ned, holding
earl Drops,"
wn. As the
n, it dropped
the water flows, and would crown the fountain in
testimony of the relief which it has afforded me. If I
die, and my body—proscribed as my person has been
—should be denied a little earth, I desire that my re-
mains may be deposited in the Cathedral of Ajaccio, in
Corsica. And if it should not be permitted me to rest
where I was born, let me be buried near the limpid
stream of this pure water."

"And this is the water that I have, so pure and
refreshing. I have often thought that its murmurings
must have cheered the tomb where Napoleon slept.
This, sir, is the water of which my Pearl Drops are
made; no other water that I have tried will make
them. But all is not in the water alone."

Rose rested well and slept soundly during the night,
and in the morning was bright and fresh.

She had taken quite an interest in the young
German officer. "How much," she said to Jule as they
sat on deck, "Captain Letzen reminds me of William
Mintha. It is no wonder, Jule, that the French found
the Germans such good soldiers, if the army was mainly
composed of men such as he."

"Jule," she continued, "I am going to ask Captain
Letzen if he is not of noble birth."

Jule replied, "I would not advise you to do that,
your question might be considered forward; he might
not care to reply to it, because, if lowly born, he might
not care to acknowledge it."

"I will gently draw an answer from him," said
Rose.

Not long after this conversation, Letzen and Rose

were promenading on the deck. In the course of their talk, she said:

"Captain Letzen, I often wish that I had been nobly born. I feel that I might have been in a position to have done more good in the world than it will ever be possible for me to accomplish in my limited sphere, and with my limited learning."

"Learning, my dear Madame Le Messuerire," replied Letzen, "is to be found in every day life, and the world is the book and each day a page. School learning, as it is called : but the introduction to the whole story of life. Greek, Latin, and the modern languages may be good things for those who have time and opportunity to study them, but they do not give a man or woman brains. Mere family and mere learning never made a man or woman great ; thought and deeds alone, not pedigree, are passports to real position, to enduring fame. My parents and theirs, were moral, honest, respectable,—but not of high birth. I would far sooner wear their escutcheons than those of weak rulers or those of an immoral and dishonest nobility.

"Perhaps you have heard, Madame, that it has been said, 'that oftentimes the richest gold is found the deepest down.' We can see the glittering gold on top, but we have to search long and perseveringly and remove lots of dirt to find that below. And so it is sometimes amongst men and women,—we find the richest in mind and worth the lowest down.

"We see them and we know them not,
So plain in garb and mien are they !
So lowly in their thankless lot,
We hear not what they do or say."

"Heroes unknown—through weary years,
They make no sign or outward cry,
But eat their bread with bitter tears,
And we, in silence, pass them by."

Here Captain Letzen changed the conversation by pointing his right hand over the side of the ship and saying, "There, Madame Le Messuerire, is the vacant tomb of the great Napoleon."

"O!" replied Rose, "let us run and tell my husband, it may be that he has not yet seen it!"

Jule had not seen it; he was found in the state-room looking weak and weary. The three came on deck. They all saw the island, though it looked like a small smoke-coloured cloud not bigger than a man's hand. As the ship approached the island, it grew larger and larger until its outline was visible. In a short time objects on the island were detected, and as the steamer ran for a short distance along its side, it seemed to frown down in terrible majesty upon the frail ship.

The three stood at the side of the steamer, and so intently did they gaze upon the island fortress that the ship had rounded to in Jamestown harbour before they realized it. Overboard went the anchor, and, clinging to the rocks below, held the ship as she rose and plunged with every inward sea.

Jule remarked to the Prussian, "Certainly nothing here was wanting to press Napoleon to his tomb;" and, looking up the side of the rugged rock, he continued in slow and measured words :

"O, rock! cold, rugged, stern and tall!
Thou wert, in years agone, a royal pall!
Entombed within thy darkened wall
Napoleon slept, the sleep that falls at last on all."

CHAPTER XVII.

AT NAPOLEON'S GRAVE.

It was ten minutes to twelve (noon) when the Captain of the ship approached Rose Le Messuerire and said :

" You were quite ill a day or two since ; perhaps you and your husband would enjoy a walk on shore. If you would care to go, I will have a boat manned to take you off, and send it to bring you on board again. The ship will remain here five or six hours, but if we should be ready to proceed sooner I will have the jack sent up to the fore-truck in order that you may know that we are ready to sail."

Jule, who was only too anxious to get on shore at this historic spot, advised Rose to accept the offer. It had for years been the ambition of Jule to visit St. Helena and Napoleon's tomb. He went to the Captain and thanked him for his thoughtful kindness. Then he went to his state-room, got a book, and in a few minutes he and Rose were being rowed to the shore.

Captain Letzen was invited by Jule to accompany them ; but he politely declined, and wished his friends a pleasant ramble. They landed and immediately went, as directed by the Captain of the ship, to the business place of a Jew for information respecting the way to Longwood, &c.

After getting the information, they proceeded toward the place where the great warrior had lived and where he had also slept. Jule had decided to visit the

latter place, even if he had to leave the island without visiting any other resort of historic interest. All the way from Jamestown to the tomb they found rugged and rocky; a deep ravine ran along near the road. There was something of grandeur and enchantment all the way as they passed along toward the Valley of Rest. The whole island appeared rugged and precipitous. Jule did not feel strong,—in fact, the sea air during the passage had been too strong for his lungs, and the Prussian's revelation had dispirited him. Though Rose knew nothing of the latter, she had more than once said to Captain Letzen, "I can see that my husband is not so well as he was at the first part of our voyage."

The journey over the island, though not too long, was beginning to tell on his weakened frame. He sat down to rest on the roadside when nearing the locality of so much interest to him. After Rose had sat a moment by his side, he said to her:

"The dream of my life is about to be fulfilled; it seems as though by chance, or fate, or whatever we may call it, that we are here. Little did we expect to visit this place when we left London. How strangely things turn. I thought I should feel sad and lonely, even with you by my side, when nearing that spot, (pointing as he spoke to the grave in the valley), but instead of the weakness and fatigue of a few minutes ago, and the sadness that seemed to hang over my soul since we left the ship, and before, all is bright; I am strong and refreshed. A gentle, cooling current, like a summer evening's breeze,—fanned by some power, unseen, unknown,—appears to be circling through my

being, imparting new life and hope. "Rose, my dear," he continued, "who knows but the spirit of the Great Emperor is hovering here, and with ethereal wings fans breezes immortal to cheer and animate those of his countrymen, who, with love in their hearts, journey to where he slept?"

"It may be so," answered Rose.

Again they started, and in about ten minutes time they again sat down. They had reached that part of the road which overlooks the valley of the tomb. After resting, they descended down a rocky pathway till they reached the valley, where they walked hand-in-hand around the circular enclosure. Captain Le Messuerire uncovered in honour of the mighty dead. They then turned toward an open space looking seaward, and finding a shelving rock, they sat upon it.

"Rose was first to speak; she said, "Jule, how sublimely rugged and richly verdant is this place? It must have been a frequent resort of Napoleon."

"Yes," replied Jule, "it was. He chose this spot in life to be his place in death."

Their conversation was interrupted by the approach of a man from the same pathway by which they had come. The man did not appear to notice the two as they sat on the rock, but walked over to the grave, stood a few minutes, and then laid down on the ground.

Jule and Rose were attracted by the sublimity of the scene, out through the opening in the valley their eyes rested on the vast Atlantic. Le Messuerire remarked to his wife:

"I was just thinking how many times the mighty

man of war must have stood near here and looked over the bosom of the great deep in the direction of his Corsican home and of France, and as he saw the sea birds skimming over the ocean waves, or hovering above the crags, how he must have yearned to be as free as they. I love to dwell here in solemn thought.

“Thought bridges us a way
Across the tomb,
And hope’s celestial ray
Doth it illumine.
We feel quit near the loved, tho’ to our view
He’s lost, yet once imprisoned here, ah! Waterloo!”

Le Messuerire and his wife stepped from the rock ; they lingered as they left the spot. As they walked through the vale, Jule said to his wife :

“Rose, you and I now depart from a place every feature of which will be fresh in my mind as I sail down the current of time. Together or apart we may never visit this locality again. Napoleon sleeps not here now.

“From the grave, ‘mid ocean’s dirges, moaning
Surge and sparkling foam,
Lo! the Imperial dead returneth! lo! the
Hero dust come home!
He hath left the Atlantic island, lonely vale
And willow tree,
‘Neath the Invalides to slumber ‘mid the
Gallic chivalry.”

As Jule finished speaking these lines, their feet had touched the road leading up the hillside, and, locked in each other’s arm, they ascended by the way they had come. When they had completed about half the journey up the rugged pathway, they turned aside a few

steps and rested under the shade of a few trees that stood on the hillside looking like sentinels near the roadway. From this spot Jule and Rose had a clear view of the valley. The man who had laid himself to rest near Napoleon's grave was the only person, except themselves, to be seen about the place.

While resting and drinking in the varied scenery, Jule took a book from his pocket, and handing it to his wife, said :

"Rose, will you read to me the passages I have marked?"

She replied, "With pleasure, Jule," and, taking the book, she read aloud as follows :—

"Waterloo, by the way, is the strangest encounter recorded in history. Napoleon and Wellington are not enemies, but contraries. Never did God, who delights in antithesis, produce a more striking contrast or a more extraordinary confrontation. On one side precision, foresight, geometry, prudence, a retreat assured, reserves prepared, an obstinate coolness, an imperturbable method, strategy profiting by the ground, tactics balancing battalions, carnage measured by plumb-line, war regulated watch in hand, nothing left voluntarily to accident, old classic courage and absolute correctness. On the other side we have intuition, divination, military strangeness, super-human instinct, a flashing glance, something that gazes like the eagle and strikes like lightning, all the mysteries of a profound mind, association with destiny; the river, the plain, the forest and the hill summoned, and to some extent compelled to obey,—the despot going even so far as to tyrannize over the battlefield; faith in a star blended with strategic science, heightening, but troubling it. And this true genius was conquered by calculation. On both sides somebody was expected; and it was the exact calculator who succeeded. Napoleon waited for Grouchy, who did not come. Wellington waited for Blucher,—and he came."

Jule, whose eyes had been moist while Rose read

to him the beautiful words, now took again the book and said :

"Rose, I must read a few lines to you before we leave this solemn, yet beautiful and interesting locality." He began :

"The shadow of a mighty hand is cast over Waterloo; it is the day of destiny, and the force which is above man produced that day. Hence the terror; hence all the great souls laying-down their swords. Those who have conquered Europe fell crushed, having nothing more to say or do, and feeling a terrible presence in the shadow. *Hoc erat in fatis.* On that day the perspective of the human race was changed, and Waterloo is the hinge of the nineteenth century. The disappearance of the great man was necessary for the advent of the great age, and he who cannot be answered undertook the task."

Here he was interrupted in his reading by hearing the sound of approaching footsteps. The sky, which had been heavy for the past hour, suddenly became quite dark. A flash of lightning played in the valley, and a loud thunder peal rolled over the island; another peal and another flash, a few rain-drops, and the storm had passed on. A sailor lad stood in presence of the readers. He said :

"I have been looking for you, the jack has been flying for an hour, you must hurry to the ship.

"One minute," said Le Messuerire, "and we will be with you. Come Rose," said her husband, "here is a pencil, write on the margin where you have read, as I repeat: 'Read to Jule, on a spot overlooking Napoleon's grave, St. Helena, September the 14th, 1871.—Rose.'" Jule then took the book and wrote on the margin where he had read: "Read to Rose at the tomb of Napoleon, St. Helena, September 14th, 1871.—Jule." And then handing the book to Rose, he said :

"Take it and keep it in remembrance of this day and place."

In company with the sailor, they hurriedly stepped along to the roadway, and soon the trio were journeying toward Jamestown. They reached the shore at ten minutes to six o'clock ; they were at once rowed off to the ship. As Rose was about to step into the boat, she put her hand into her dress pocket to get her purse. She was going to reward the sailor lad who had notified them that the ship was waiting. She found the purse, but the book was gone.

"Jule," she said, "I have lost the book, and it is just possible in the hurry at starting, that I missed my pocket, and the book has fallen on the ground near where we sat."

The ship was swinging around to proceed on her passage ; Jule and Rose had to hurry on board. In a few moments the "Enneandria" was steaming out of the harbour. Jule and Rose rejoined their German friend, and they sat together watching the island grow smaller and dimmer as the ship ran farther from it. They then went below for luncheon, but before going they gave a last look toward St. Helena. Its dim outline was seen against the western sky, and appeared to be passing away, like a fading cloud.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A VISION IN THE VALLEY OF REST.

When they had finished luncheon, they again went

to the deck to enjoy the sea air. Capt. Letzen and Le Messuerire talked about Napoleon and his exiled home. As the mantle of night gradually drew itself over the great waters and about the ship, Rose became gloomy and depressed. Her cheerfulness suddenly passed away. An idea took hold of her mind that the book was rated to be lost. An emotion of sorrow, like a sudden storm, sprang up within her soul. She said:

"Evil appears to be following me over the ocean's pathway. Fate is on my track and pressing me with gloom."

Captain Letzen rose from his seat, bowed, and said, "My dear Madame, I hope you will have sweet rest, and that to-morrow morning you may rise bright with the morning sun. Good night," and passed to his room. Not long afterwards Jule and Rose retired for the night.

After breakfast next morning, Letzen, Jule and Rose sat together on the deck, drinking in the fresh air. The Prussian appeared exceedingly lively, and told many short stories which seemed to attract the attention of Mrs. Le Messuerire.

The ship pointed on her course as though sailing through a vast mirror, so calm and clear was the water.

Rose, though more cheerful than on the previous evening, had far from regained her usual brightness. Her face wore a serious expression, and her eyes had lost their hopeful glance. After leaning her head for a few minutes on the ship's rail, Rose put her hand in her dress pocket, pulled out a piece of folded paper and

handed it to her husband. He unfolded it and read the following lines, written in Rose's neat hand :—

I sat and watched the isle grow dim
Across the widening sea,
The exile's grave flashed thoughts of him
Who took his flight from me.

But Jule, my love, so kind and true,
What matter where we sail,
Where're we go, what'er we do,
Thy love will never fail.

He replied, "Never!" She then laid her head upon his shoulder, and crying, said :

"O, Jule! I trouble you also with my troubled soul. O, my dear, I cannot help it, some unseen, unknown power is winging gloom into my being!"

Le Messuerire, whose health at best was feeble, weakened under his wife's sorrow, and during the remainder of the day was confined to his room. Rose sat by him, watched him, cared for him; neither was he forgotten by Captain Letzen, who did all in his power to relieve Jule and cheer Rose. And so the hours and days passed until the ship cast anchor in Melbourne harbour.

Captain Letzen remained a few days in Melbourne, staying at the same house with Le Messuerire and Rose. Jule was growing weaker and his wife's days were days of darkness; only now and then a gleam of hope found a passage to her soul.

The Prussian, when about to leave for the country, told Le Messuerire that his business in the new British colony was to gather wealth. He had a small property in Prussia, but his income was barely sufficient to meet

his expenditure. He had to use the utmost economy to keep square with the world. His wife had suddenly died a few months previous to his leaving home; he had two children, the youngest but a babe. His children were in kind and loving hands, but since his wife had died he had determined to seek his fortune in a foreign land. He hoped some day to return to his native country, and there settle again with his dear ones. In parting he said:

"I shall send you my address when I get in some settled business, and would like to correspond with you."

Jule answered, "If I do not gain strength here, I shall not remain long, but, by the advice of my physician, will sail for India or go home to France. I trust we may often hear from each other." Then he and Captain Le Messuerire parted, never to meet again on earth.

After two weeks stay at Melbourne, Jule and Rose left for Sydney; but Jule's health grew worse, and a few days after arriving at the latter port they sailed for Calcutta, where they arrived and soon after went into the country seeking strength.

Not more than an hour after Le Messuerire and Rose had departed from their resting-place overlooking the valley of the tomb, the man who had been lying on the ground at the right of Napoleon's grave rose on his feet, looked up and down the valley, and then walked leisurely over to the pathway leading up the hill in the direction where Jule and Rose had tarried and read.

He struck the path, advanced up the hillside and turned to the right, and sat down beneath the same trees that had shaded Le Messuerire and his wife.

He had sat there but a few minutes when he rose, walked a few steps in the direction of the pathway, stooped down, picked up a book rolled up and held by an elastic band. He returned to his seat, pulled the band off the book, and sat down. He read the title of the book and the owner's name on the cover, then rolling up the book and putting it in the elastic band, he placed it within the bosom of his shirt. He then rested his elbows upon his knees and placing his face in his hands, talked to himself. He commenced thus:

"Jule Le Messuerire! How did he get here? or how did the book with his name written on the cover get here?"

Not feeling satisfied with his first inspection of the book, he pulled it from his shirt bosom and read aloud its title, "The Battle of Waterloo," by Victor Hugo. The writing, 'Jule Le Messuerire,' is in Le Messuerire's handwriting. It is most strange that I should find this book here! It may be that some friend of Capt. Le Messuerire has left it here, or rather laid it aside and forgotten it, after reading of the crowned murderer's last act in the drama of blood."

He continued, "O how my head reels! It seems as though this rocky hill is staggering and ready to topple over into the valley below! Was it a dream? Was it a vision? Was it a trance? What was it? As I lay in the valley down there, I seemed to see a beautiful bird, like an eagle, with feathers of glittering gold and

beak and talons of silver, floating above me in the air. At first I thought it a winged meteor, and as it approached, sailing down through the darkness as by a winding way, till it all but touched my breast with its talons and my lips with its beak, and then disappeared into the darkness,—for it was as night with me. I was so impressed in my dream, or vision, or whatever it may have been, that I tried to rouse myself, but my efforts were fruitless. I seemed to glance about and up, and I saw sitting here on this very spot, beneath these trees, the lovely golden bird, and beside it even a larger one, but in colour ashen white; its head hung upon its breast and drawn in; its eyes were partially closed; its wings trailed powerless upon the ground, and some of its feathers about its neck, breast and back stood loosely out, as though it was shivering in an autumn wind. Its mate of shining gold turned its head and with one eye glanced down into the valley. It fixed it on the spot where I lay; and while it steadily peered at me its mate of ashen white pitched forward, rolled partly down the hillside and disappeared as though it had fallen into a cleft of the rock. The golden bird rose to its full height and stood with outstretched wings for a moment, and then with a rush it left its landing place, and like a dart shot into the valley, and gently sailed above where I lay; then it gave a sudden dart, touched my breast with the tip of its wing and my lips with its beak, and, fluttering, fell as if dead into my arms. I struggled to get up, and a sound as of the combined artillery of Jena and Waterloo seemed to pass along the valley, and the flash as of

ten thousand cannon lit up the vault, and I struggled as one buried in a living flame. I was aroused from my vision, my dream, or my trance ; my eyes opened, I found myself lying down there, quite near Napoleon's grave, and in the distance I saw this hill, and sitting here were two human forms."

After the man had finished his soliloquy, he rose and started toward the road, and when he had entered it he made for Jamestown. Arriving there, he took a boat and was rowed off to a ship lying at anchor in the harbor.

Once on board, he went to his berth, laid himself down to rest, and then pulled the book from his shirt bosom, and carefully turned over page after page, till at length his eyes caught upon some writing in lead pencil upon the margin of one of the pages. In turning the book round he saw the following:

"Read to Jule, on a spot overlooking Napoleon's grave, St. Helena, September 14th, 1871.—Rose."

And then turning back a few pages, he saw on the margin in another handwriting :

"Read to Rose, at the tomb of Napoleon, St. Helena, September 14th, 1871.—Jule."

He put the book beside him in his bunk, and stretched himself out at full length, and gazing at the planks above his head, whispered, "Can it be possible that Jule Le Messuerire and Rose (my wife) have been sitting together to-day where I found the book, and there reading to one another in full view of Napoleon's grave ? The writing on the margin of the page is certainly that of my dear wife. What means my trance,

vision, dream, or whatever it may have been? Is this all a myth, a hallucination? Am I at St. Helena?"

He became bewildered; and the more he thought over and over again the events of the past few hours of his life, the more he became stupified, until at last he drifted into a restless sleep.

The sailor was no other than Lieutenant Charles Pinson, of the Volunteer Artillery of the French National Guard, and the husband of Rose Carney, now the doubly wedded.

Pinson was seriously wounded in the affair at Paris on the last of September, 1870. He was captured by the Prussians, made a prisoner-of-war, and after some time sent to Berlin.

From the latter place he attempted to escape; was re-captured in Lorraine and sent to prison.

After two months or more of imprisonment, he, the second time attempted to escape, and this time his effort was crowned with success. He was aided by an acquaintance, a young German, with whom he had been quite intimate during his school days.

He was presented with a horse and saddle and a map. With these he worked his way to the Italian frontier, and from thence to an Italian port. There he disposed of his horse, and shipped on board a schooner bound for London.

His first as well as his last attempt to escape from the Prussians was prompted by his great love for his wife; he felt to be absent from her was unendurable.

The schooner was lost—foundered in the Bay of Biscay, and in one of her boats picked up by a steamer

bound for Australia was Lieutenant Charles Pinson.

He was landed at Sydney, N. S. W.; went from there to Melbourne, sold out his mining stock at a large increase, and invested the money in a lot of land in the suburbs of Melbourne.

He wrote from the latter city to his wife, and also to his mother, and sailed for Liverpool, G. B., in the month of July.

The ship "Mendoza," on board of which he shipped as an A. B., was an old one; made slow time, sprung a leak, and put into Jamestown, St. Helena, September the 13th. 1871.

On the morning of the 15th, or two days after the "Mendoza" had arrived at St. Helena, Charles Pinson turned out of his berth looking weary, worn and sad. He seated himself on one of the sailor's chests. One of the watch entered the forecastle, and looking at Pinson, said to him :

"Why, Charlie, you had a desperate fight with the Prussians last night. Two of us had to hold your arms and hold you down, then you became more quiet, and said, 'I have slain a thousand, let me enter Paris.' You then went into a sound sleep, and we would not disturb you when we turned out this morning."

Pinson remarked that he was aware that he did not rest well, and he was grateful to his shipmates in not disturbing him from his morning's sleep.

When the sailor had gone out, Charles Pinson dressed himself and stepped to the cabin to speak a word or two with Captain Leawand, and ask permission to go on shore.

The Captain, like some few seafaring men, was a born gentleman, and felt assured, when Pinson first stepped on board his ship, that the young man had seen better days.

Captain Leawand replied, "I am going on shore in about an hour; you may go in the boat with me."

Pinson thanked the Captain and then left the cabin.

On landing, Captain Leawand asked Pinson to walk with him as far as the agent's office. Pinson thanked the Captain and accompanied him.

The clerk in the office, while conversing with the Captain, said to him :

"Captain, if you or the man with you, while on shore, hear of anyone finding a book, will you please send the party to me? Yesterday I was at the shore when a boat pushed off for the steamer bound for Australia, when a lady advanced toward me and inquired of me if I lived in Jamestown. I answered that I did.

"She then said, 'If you hear of any person picking up a book with a brown paper cover, and the name Jule Le Messuerire written upon it, will you reward such a one for me? Here is a sovereign, and here is my name and address, 'Mrs. Jule Le Messuerire, Post Office, Melbourne, Australia.' I asked her the title of the book and the author's name. She gave them to me. 'The Battle of Waterloo, by Victor Hugo.'

"I must say I loved to hear the lady talk. She was very handsome, and spoke with a slight Irish accent, and nothing would give me greater pleasure than to send her the book."

Charlie Pinson left the agent's office and went for a stroll. As he went out, he said :

"Captain, how long before you return to the ship?"

"About two hours," replied the Captain.

Charles Pinson was back at the agent's office and in conversation with the clerk at least half an hour before the Captain was ready to start. He asked the clerk "if he was aware of any vessels coming to the island, bound either to Australia or New Zealand."

The clerk replied that he was not, but vessels now and again, homeward and outward bound, put in here for repairs, fresh meat, vegetables, &c.

In another hour's time Pinson was on board the "Mendoza," feeling that he was more fit for an asylum than the deck of a ship. Four days later a barque put into Jamestown, bound for Sydney, N. S. W. Pinson told the Captain of the "Mendoza" that he wished to return to Australia, and Captain Leawand interested himself in his behalf. He secured for Pinson a berth on board the barque, in exchange for a sailor who wished to return to England.

The next day Charles Pinson was sailing from Jamestown on board the barque "Aerial," bound for Australia.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN THE CABIN OF THE "PICAMAR."

In a few weeks time the "Aerial" arrived at Sydney, and Charlie Pinson, according to an agreement with Captain Maftin, left the ship. He at once proceeded

to Melbourne, and found that the 'Enneandria,' on board of which he supposed Jule Le Messuerire and Rose were passengers, had arrived about four weeks previously.

He remained at Melbourne three weeks, sold his lot of land at a largely advanced price, and invested the proceeds in another plot of land at the outskirts of the city, in another locality.

He could find no trace whatever of the movements of Le Messuerire and Rose. He returned to Sydney, remained there a few weeks, and while there used every effort to get on the track of his wife and Jule; but every effort failed.

He again returned to Melbourne, discouraged and worn, where he shipped on board a large ship bound for Calcutta, and he arrived there in due time.

At Calcutta he determined to get to his English home as soon as possible.

The day of the arrival of the ship at Calcutta, Pinson went on shore in the dhingy with the Captain, and landed near where a boat from a French frigate was landing some persons.

Four men stepped on shore from the French boat. They walked near by where the sailor and Captain of the merchantman were standing. One of the men stepped up to Pinson, looked at him earnestly, and then turned and spoke to his companion.

Pinson, feeling annoyed, said, "Sir, do you know me, or do you want me?"

The Frenchman, in good English, replied, "I beg your pardon, sir, for so severely inspecting you, but were you not an officer in the French Volunteer Artil-

lery of the National Guard during the siege of Paris last year?"

"I was," replied Pinson, greatly surprised at the man's question. "I do not know that I ever saw you before," continued Pinson.

Said the Frenchman, "Is not your name Charles Pinson?"

"That was my name while in the service of France, and it is also my name now. How do you recognize me in my sailor garb, and so far from home?"

The young Frenchman—for he was quite young—replied, "My dear sir, I should like to have an hour's, or even half an hour's private conversation with you, on a subject that may be of great interest to you, as well as to myself and others."

Pinson replied, "I shall be at your service, sir, after speaking with Captain Pannos, of the ship 'Picamar.'"

The young Frenchman said, "Sir, I have no wish to interfere with your duties; but if you would care to walk with me I may gain some information from you that would be most welcome to a lady in Paris."

After Pinson had consulted with Captain Pannos, he rejoined the Frenchman, who extended his hand and said: "Lieut. Pinson, I am Capt. Guinnot, of the Cuirassiers, and at the time of the siege I was on the staff of Colonel Chasseur. You have not reported to your wife, mother or friends since the peace, have you?"

"Yes;" answered Pinson, "I wrote to my wife, and also to my mother, full particulars of my situation, and why I had not sooner reported."

"When did you write?" asked Guinnot.

"First, about four or five months ago, I wrote to my mother, and to my wife from Australia. I may receive a letter from my mother before I sail from this port. I wrote to her from Melbourne about seven or eight weeks since. If the 'Picamar' is detained six or seven weeks I shall probably hear from her before the ship sails," replied Pinson.

Charles Pinson began to feel impatient. He said to the Frenchman, "Now let us to the point. I wish to know what information you seek from me?"

Captain Guinnot replied, "Mr. Pinson, will you receive from me kindly any information I feel it my business to impart?"

"Certainly I shall, in as kind a spirit as it is imparted, and any information I can give you I know will be received in the same spirit," said Pinson.

Said Guinnot, "I was intrusted with a mission to your mother, so you are now aware that I have the pleasure of knowing your true name; but trust to me, I will never reveal it without your consent. I was commissioned by a lady in Paris to proceed to England and consult with your mother. I found her, though I experienced difficulty in doing so. I shall not now detain you by telling you the difficulties I had, and how they were cleared away one by one until I stood in your dear mother's presence."

Guinnot continued, "The lady who sent me to England lost her husband at the siege of Paris. You and he were missing the same day, after the affair of September 30th. You were reported killed, and a

watch and ring, found on the body of the officer supposed to be you, were identified as yours by your wife. Your initials in precious stones were on the back of the watch, which was of plain gold, and the same initials were cut on the inner circle of the ring. The initial letters were 'C. E. P.' Your wife, wherever she now is, has the watch and ring in her possession. I visited your dear mother about six months after the treaty of Pace was signed, and found out from her that your wife had recently been married to Captain Jule Le Messuerire, and that the pair, a few days before my arrival, had left your dear mother's house on their bridal tour to India or Australia, or to both of these countries."

As the French officer told his story, Charles E. Pinson listened with cool attention,—not a feature of his face expressed the least emotion. He had braced himself to meet the stern facts, and he met them—as Guinnot afterwards said to one of his companions on board the French man-of-war—"like a true Briton." And, continued he, I afterwards wondered whether it was as hard for him to listen as it was for me to talk."

When the Frenchman had finished speaking, Pinson asked Guinnot how he came to recognize him at a glance.

The Frenchman replied, "I saw a photograph of you at the home of your dear mother, and I have another in my pocket-book, presented to me by her as I left her home. I may say that I saw several of your pictures,—one in artillery uniform, one as a sailor, and one taken when you were at school."

"Captain Guinnot," said Pinson, "here comes Captain Pannos, of the 'Picamar,' he has in his possession my watch, with the ring attached to the chain. I put it in his care for safe keeping. He has it locked in his desk. If you will go off to the ship with us you shall see it. My wife must have some one else's watch and ring."

"I am now confident," replied Guinnot, "that your wife has in her possession the watch and ring of Colonel Charles Erst Passquin, who has been missing since September 30th, 1870. He was also an officer in the Volunteer Artillery of the National Guard. He has a wife in Paris—or rather a widow, and it is she who sent me to England to interview your mother and your wife, and learn if you or the watch could be found. Madame Passquin is a most accomplished lady—handsome, wealthy and young."

Captain Pannos here interrupted the conversation between the two men by saying, "Charlie, I am ready to return to the ship."

The two men then shook hands; but before doing so, they had arranged to meet again at ten o'clock on the following morning.

As the dingy bearing Captain Pannos and Charlie shoved off, Captain Guinnot sang out:

"I will be on the deck of the 'Picamar' at ten!"

Next morning, at the appointed hour, Captain Guinnot stood on the deck of the "Picamar." Pinson introduced him to Captain Pannos, who invited him into the cabin. Charles Pinson followed and explained to Captain Pannos a portion of his trouble. The Cap-

tain then brought out the watch, and as they were handed to Guinnot, the latter said :

"I was informed by Madame Passquin that her husband's watch opened with a secret spring, and when opened, a miniature painting of her face and head would appear under the monogram. She told me how to find the spring. It is between two of the small stones surrounding the initials. From a close inspection of your watch, Lieutenant Pinson, and the description Madame Passquin gave me of her husband's, I think it would be impossible to choose between them, except by their numbers and by the spring."

Captain Pannos ordered his steward to put on the glasses. The order was obeyed. Three decanters—one containing white, the others dark brown liquid—sat on the table before them. The dark brown was a great favourite, and after it had been given a preliminary canter down the tubular course, the three gentlemen were warmed and animated in conversation. Pinson remarked :

Gentlemen, I assure you that this is the happiest hour I have spent since I was made a prisoner by the Germans."

Again the dark brown was turned out and ran the circular course, all three seeming satisfied with the beautiful action of the creature.

Captain Guinnot then related how he happened to be at Calcutta. He said he came out from France on a cruise. He received an invitation from the commander of the frigate to sail with him to sunny seas. The captain was a brother of Madame Passquin. He

accepted the invitation ; and turning to Charles Pinson, he remarked :

"It may be that my views of religion are not what you Englishmen would call strictly orthodox, yet I fully believe that some controlling and guiding power has directed me to the 'Picamar' to-day. It was not the intention of my captain to put into this port. I now feel that the spirit of Colonel Passquin, directly influenced by some grand eternal power, has controlled the movements of the French ship. My meeting with you is no mere accident or chance. An influence, unfelt, unseen, it may be, has brought us together ; it is a directing from some power that adjusts and settles, in its own time and way, all human difficulties. If we are honest in our misfortunes, and use noble exertions to extricate ourselves from them, we will be brought out of them just as surely as my vessel was brought safely to this port."

Pinson made no reply to Captain Guinnot's expressions, but rose from his seat and walked to the cabin door, where for some minutes he stood silently looking at the beautiful buildings that stood on the water front of the splendid city, and the ships moored in single file along the river sides.

Pinson was called in by Captain Pannos ; the dark brown was let run down the course, its lively qualities most favourably commented on, and then the three men walked to the main deck. Guinnot and Pinson went to the quarter-deck for a confidential chat, and Captain Pannos retired to his room for rest.

As the two men sat together on the quarter-deck, Pinson said to Guinnot:

"Did my mother think that I was no more?"

"Yes;" replied Guinnot, "she told me, with tears streaming down her face, that she felt certain that you had been killed, or she would not have consented to the marriage of your wife with Captain Le Messuerire. They were married about ten months after your reported death."

"Captain Guinnot," said Pinson, "have you any knowledge of where my wife and Le Messuerire are at present?"

"None whatever," replied Guinnot. "If they have not returned to England before now, it is quite likely they are somewhere in these southern colonies, as Le Messuerire came out this way in order to regain health and strength."

The time had arrived for Captain Guinnot to depart for his ship. He went to the cabin and thanked Capt. Pannos, of the "Picamar," for his hospitality, and invited him to accompany Pinson to the frigate the next morning. He was then rowed off to his own ship.

Next morning at eleven o'clock a boat from the French man-of-war was at the side of the "Picamar." Captain Guinnot, on going on board, found Captain Pannos attired in his best go-ashore suit; and Pinson was likewise harnessed in his best.

The Captain of the "Picamar" had been halting between two opinions, the stronger of which was to let Pinson go to the ship of war, and he would remain on board his own vessel; but Pinson, after many unsuc-

cessful attempts, at last prevailed upon the Captain to accompany him. All being ready, they got into the boat and were rowed over to the French ship.

When they arrived Pannos and Pinson were shown through the ship, the officers being determined to make the visit of Guinnot's friends a pleasant one. A splendid lunch had been prepared; the table had the appearance of a well arranged flower bed. The table-cloths and napkins were as white as the driven snow, and the glasses as clear and clean as the purest crystal.

Captain Pannos said to Pinson after the lunch, "I have been master of a ship for twenty-five years, and this is the best spread I have ever seen on shore or on the sea, neither have I ever fallen in with more perfect gentlemen. Their actions and words seem to accord like harmonious music. I have often heard of French gentlemen, but one must meet them as we have met them to-day to fully appreciate the report. Mr. Pinson, I owe to you the great pleasure I have enjoyed this day."

After a round of cigars on deck, Pinson and Pannos were rowed to their ship. Early the next morning Charlie Pinson was released from further duty on board the "Picamar," he having agreed to meet Guinnot on shore at ten o'clock, and there or elsewhere in the city agree upon some definite plan as to their future proceedings.

CHAPTER XX.

BETWEEN THE LIVING AND DEAD.

At the hour appointed for the morning meeting a dhingy from the "Picamar" bearing Pinson, and a boat from the French frigate conveying Guinnot, arrived at the shore.

Upon landing, the two friends approached each other, saluted, took a few brisk steps along the river side, then arm-in-arm they walked to one of the principal hotels of Calcutta, where Captain Guinnot engaged rooms for himself and his friend Pinson.

A carriage was engaged, and the pair went for a drive through the Maidan and returned by the Red road delighted with the scenery. In the evening they visited Eden Garden, where they enjoyed the music of a military band.

The next day Guinnot proposed to Pinson a trip into the country; the proposal being agreed to, and all arrangements being completed by the evening, the following morning saw the friends leave for the country.

In the meantime the French war ship had left Calcutta on her cruise eastward, and the "Picamar" had commenced to take in cargo for London.

Guinnot and his friend scarcely ever remained over two or three days at one post.

About six weeks after they had left Calcutta, the two friends were being driven through the outskirts of a settlement in Madras; a carriage containing two persons and the driver passed them. Guinnot instantly

ordered his driver to keep his horses close to the leading carriage. Pinson asked the Captain why he gave orders to keep near the leading team. The Captain replied, "that one of the occupants of the carriage appeared, at a glance, to resemble an officer of the French army, whom he had seen in Paris."

The leading waggon was followed for half an hour, when it entered Ootacamund, after which it was followed until it hauled up at a small but neat looking residence. Here the occupants left the leading waggon and entered the house, and the carriage was driven off.

Guinnot said to his reinsman, "I wish you to overtake that waggon as quickly as you possibly can."

The driver obeyed, and in a few minutes was abreast the leading carriage. Guinnot ordered his coachman to hail the other reinsman and ask him to hold in his horses for a minute or two. This order being given, both vehicles were soon standing side and side in the roadway.

Guinnot bowed to the driver and said, "Sir, will you be kind enough to tell me if the gentleman who left your carriage a short distance up the street was a French officer?"

The driver replied, "I do not know; but he is very ill, and a foreigner. I have driven him and his lady out every day for two weeks or more. I do not know the man's name; his wife is an English woman, and very kind."

Guinnot handed the driver with whom he had been talking a piece of gold, thanked him, and at once ordered his own coachman to turn the carriage and drive back

to the residence which the man and woman had entered. The house was soon reached. Guinnot stepped from the carriage and knocked at the door. A young woman opened the door. Guinnot said to her :

“Is Captain Le Messuerire in?”

The girl nodded her head and left the door. In a short time she returned and asked Guinnot if he would walk in. He turned and asked Pinson to accompany him. Pinson consented, and the two were shown into a most cozy room.

After they had sat five minutes in the room, a gentleman, looking pale and seeming very weak, entered. He was dressed in dark clothes of very light texture. His vest was unbuttoned, and he breathed quickly. His eyes were bright with a feverish brightness. Guinnot advanced to introduce himself, but the man's eyes had seen Pinson, who was sitting to the left of the door. At the sight of Pinson, he immediately threw both his hands high above his head and exclaimed in tones of anguish :

“*O, mon Dieu ! O, mon Dieu ! Est il vous ?*” and, staggering, fell into Guinnot's arms, who sat him down on a large and beautifully cushioned lounge.

The noise attracted other inmates of the house, and the first to enter the room was a lady dressed in dark grey, with gold trimmings. She was followed by the girl who had opened the door.

As the lady in grey stepped into the room, she caught sight of the man who had swooned ; he was sitting opposite the door, with Captain Guinnot and Charles Pinson on either side supporting him. The ill

man was deathly pale—his head bent forward—his chin resting on his shirt-front, and his brown locks were hanging over his forehead.

The lady exclaimed, “O! my dear! my dear!” faltered in her step, and, trembling, she fell forward and was caught in the arms of Charles Pinson, who swung himself into a large easy chair and held the fainting lady. The girl ran out of the room and soon returned, bearing a small bottle and spoon in her hand; she poured several drops, like pearl drops, from the vial to the spoon, put the latter to the unconscious lady’s lips, and forced the drops down her throat. She began to revive, and in a few seconds looked up and recognized that she was in the arms of her husband. She faintly said, “O, Charles, have we met in the beyond?” Then, looking about the room, she gradually realized where she was, and, springing to her feet, said, “O, Jule! have we parted forever?” She saw that he was dead.

Lovely, thoughtful, calm, with the surges of sorrow heaving in her breast, she looked at Charles Pinson, and said :

“O, my dear, lost Charles! here I stand between the living and the dead. Divorced in a moment,—O, say, is it to be re-united again as quickly?”

He as calmly replied, “Rose, my own dear Rose’ space, time, eternity, cannot break or even strain the enduring love that binds our two hearts as one. Your affection and care for, and interest in, the dear departed friend, have been but exhibitions of the love you bear

to me," pointing, as he uttered the words, to the still form of the departed Jule Le Messuerire.

Captain Jule Le Messuerire had for three years been a member in good standing of the Masonic fraternity, and during his short stay in India had met with many members of the craft.

While he was ill at Ooty he was cared for, and attended by loving hands and hearts.

Rose remarked to her husband,—after Jule Le Messuerire had been buried,—that in all the world around, no better or more steadfast friends could be found than the Masonic brethren of India.

The brethren took charge of the funeral and made every arrangement. The funeral itself was a very imposing sight. All the Freemasons from the surrounding districts mustered in large numbers. The whole brotherhood of the Order appeared in full dress. The volunteer band; playing the "Dead March in Saul," followed by a crowd of gentlemen, amongst whom were many prominent citizens, and finally a very large concourse of the natives of the better class were present.

As all that was mortal of Jule Le Messuerire was lowered into its last resting place, exquisite wreaths of violets, roses, narcissi and heliotrope were placed upon the coffin, while the Freemasons strewed it with branches of myrtle, following some emblem of their craft. The crowd then began to disperse, but many of the Masons remained to see the last sad offices fulfilled.

A few days later, Lieutenant Charles Pinson, his wife and Captain Guinnot visited again the last resting place of Captain Jule Le Messuerire and strewed

flowers upon his grave, and shortly after this they left for Calcutta en route to England. The party more than a month later arrived in London, when it was found that Jule Le Messuerire had settled ten thousand pounds as Rose Pinson's share of his property, and one thousand pounds were also left to Charles Pinson's child.

No language can describe the joyful meeting between Charles Pinson and his mother; they met as only a perfect mother and true son meet.

The watch, and also the ring in Rose's possession were found to be those of the late Colonel Passquin. Rose delivered them over to Captain Guinnot before they left Calcutta.

Two days after the arrival of the party in London, Captain Guinnot bade adieu to his friends, and at once proceeded to Paris, where he delivered the watch and ring to Madame Passquin, settling forever the question of her husband's death.

Four months later Captain Guinnot was united in marriage to Madame Passquin, who was a lovely young widow, twenty-six years of age, and worth one and a half million francs.

Guinnot at the present time is said to hold an important and responsible position under the French government.

CHAPTER XXI.

JATHMELL RISES IN THE EAST.

Charles Pinson and his wife, during their stay in

England, lived in a neat cottage situated about two miles from the residence of Mrs. Pinson, Senr. The book found at St. Helena was greatly prized ; it was presented to Rose by her husband shortly after their arrival in England. On the fly-leaf Charles had written, in full, his vision in the Valley of Rest, and just below were the words, "Fulfilled at Ooty." Four years after Charles and Rose had settled down to quiet life, Charles' mother died. She left property to the value of thirty thousand pounds. To Charles she gave six thousand, in his own right, and to his child two thousand pounds, to be paid over by trustees when the child became of age, the interest in the interval to go to its father.

The father of Rose (old Captain Meekle Carney), died at Liverpool in the year eighteen hundred and eighty-five, leaving to his family in equal shares, property to the value of twelve thousand pounds, to be divided at the death of his wife Bridget.

William Mintha, who had married Kate Carney, returned to England from New Zealand in the year eighteen hundred and eighty-four, a wealthy man. His wife and three children returned with him. They remained in England for a few months, and then left for their home in New Zealand. Mintha was a heavy speculator in mining and other stock, and real estate in Australia.

May, the youngest girl of the Carney family, married a captain in the merchant marine, who is now a wealthy citizen of Sydney, New South Wales.

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Jathmell turned up in New Zealand. He had been in Australia for two years, working magic cures with certain medicines, the real properties of which it would be impossible to define. If soft soap were procurable in that country, probably it composed a portion of the mixtures. He also acted in the capacity of horse, cow, and sheep doctor while residing in the sunny isle, or, as he termed this additional branch, Ve-ti-ne-are surgeon.

In the month of August, in the year 1885, as William Mintha was walking along Rattray Street, Dunedin, he met Jathmell with his medicine box in his hand. At first sight he did not recognize the man of physic, but on looking down, he found no difficulty in placing him, for there he saw the everlasting feet, which he had not looked upon for fourteen years. The two men walked along together until they reached the Shamrock Hotel, which they entered. After quaffing off a couple of bottles of "Bull Dog's Head Ale" (a favourite brand amongst the New Zealanders), Mintha and Jathmell retired to the smoking-room. Jathmell, who was a great talker, opened the conversation before they were fairly seated. He commenced by saying :

"Wa-al, old che-um, that be-ar be fortifications stre-ong, and I want, it will stick to its work like a bull dog's je-aw ; it has already ke-ooled my inward temperatur, me-oistened the skin, set the cre-anium in rotation, cleared the throttle ve-alves, and ne-ow the be-ow port is opened."

"Ne-ow, old che-um, if you ar not in a hurry to weigh ankor, I she-all commence to discharge. Wa-al, che-um, when we pa-ted, you ar awa that I skee-dad-

dled for the le-and of dol-las and spec. I had dre-awn out of the limbs of Englishmen about thirty the-ousand dol-las with my ge-out remedies."

"Yes," interrupted Mintha, "and I have heard that you also scoured them out with liquid ashes."

"Whist! whist! che-um," replied Jathmell, "all is fair in war,—you may not be awa that nothing has yet been found that ske-oops out the inward chamba and ke-arries off the feva so quickly as le-quid ashes. The lat-ta, scientifically me-ixed in professional proportions, and the various qualities, when breought to pe-owfully harmonize, act on the serpentine tubula se-istem like an electromoto. Wa-al, che-um, I wer about to remak, that I went to the le-and of spec. be-ound to pe-ile up the almighty dolla as high as Bunka, and at the end of my se-ojourning leave it a me-onument to me-i wisdom, skill and hono.

"I we-ent We-est and specked in me-ines and le-and,—in 1878 had the pe-ile increased to one hundred and se-ixty the-ousand dol-las, but fee-kle fe-ortune turned on its pivot, and in 1880 I wa de-own agin as fle-at as a nigg'a's head. I wer specked out, and skee-daddled te-owd the rising sun, leaving behind some bills not ke-urrent in a foreign land. In a word, I skeipped, leaving some of me-i fre-ends with ke-onsumptive chests,—in a sort of fe-nancial decline. Ye-as, I wer specked out, and spread my wings for Australia, with only \$40.00 in me-i pocket, me-i medicine-box, and a good se-uit of clothes.

"Two years ago I keo-menced biz in one of the great towns of Australia. I hired a small re-oom in

the Iowa ste-ory of a sort of spo-ting house hotel. I slept and manefactured in the one re-oom. Me-i sales wer pretty good, and at last, afta six me-onths of weary pe-ilgrimage, I stre-uck ile, and me-i spe-irits went up quicka than a rat in a spre-ing trap,—and I reckon that I meoved as lively; but, che-um I wer relieved of the rat's distress. And as Bekonsfield or De-israel—I jist ne-ow forgit which man it wer, but it wer one of 'em—said, about anotha fella with the ge-out, 'that he fe-aded away as the Te-irian died, and me-ouldered like the purple Assyrian,' and I say so did the rat; but I ke-icked into ne-ewness of le-ifé woth \$2,000 at one he-aul. And, che-um, it wer did in this fe-ashion.

"Ther wer a meetin' of some hoss men at the house wha I wer lodging. A half de-oven or more sports wer in the re-oom jining me-ine; amongst them wer one of the heaviest bakas of hosses in Australia, and one of his hosses wer the first favorite for an import-ant re-ace. All the pa-ty appe-a-d to have be-acked the favorite freely, and wer still willing to go on him, but found it a hard job to do so, as the e-ods, which wer at fust 20 to 1, had dre-opped in a few days to 10 to 1, and wer at the time of the mee-tin' 3 and 4 to 1.

"I wer listening with all me-i ea's to the keon-ver-sation, and finally te-urned off me-i light, and, unlockin' the door leading into the re-oom, opened it aja'. Very se-oon afta the-is the pro-pri-ator came in among the sports, and lockin' the door afta him, sat de-own among the sports. I wer ste-anding at me-i door,—it being open half an inch; I se-aw the pro-pri-ator

advance ; I ste-epped behind the door ; he le-ooked in, and, seeing all wer de-arkness, he pulled to the door, shut it te-ightly and sque-atted de-own among the sports. They had a cargo of be-ar and otha ste-imulants on the table at which they sat. I que-ietyl opened the door, sufficient to admit of me-i ke-ut-wata and ear. They all te-alked le-oudly, smoked kle-oudly, and dre-ank deeply. One sport said he had £4,000 on the re-sult—anotha said he had £2,000, and se-o on. They all seemed agreed that tha wer only one hoss beside the favorite entered likely to win the re-ace, and the owna of the favorite said, 'That's as I te-old you, it's fe-ixed to a cer-tin-te.'

"At this me-oment a book-maka wer let into the re-oom by the sports ; as he entered he said :

"'Gentlemen, I want to speak.'

"'Speak on,' replied the owna of the favorite.

"'First of all,' he said, 'I want to know if all spe-oken hear is on the squa.'

"'Squa,' replied all he-ands.

"'He ke-on-tinued, 'Does anyone occupy that re-oom ?' pe-ointing to me-i re-oom.

"'Yes ;' said the pro-pri-ator, 'but he's out, and if he wer in, it would matta le-ittle,—he's only one of those Yankee que-acks, and kne-ows and ke-as as much about a hoss as I do about a bishop.'

"'Che-um, me-i blood biled.'

"'Go on, book-maka,' said the pro-pri-ator, 'and have your say.'

"'Wa-al,' said the book-maka, 'I ste-and to lose several the-ousands by your hoss's victory ; Cre-ofter's

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hoss seems ne-ow the only one that has a che-ance with your favorite, and it ar ke-urrently reported that Cre-ofter's jockey wer fixed—though Cre-ofter denies the repot.'

"Re-aftin (the book-maka) asked the owna of the favorite to lay him back a the-ousand out of the sum that he had te-aken a-beout his hoss, or to ke-om-pro-mise mattas,—let the me-ony remain at fours instead of tens to one. 'Fours to one will help me out of me-i difficulty,—and fours to one is the present price,' said Re-aftin.

"But, che-um, Re-aftin's importunities wer unavail-ing, and te-urning ova his book, with a sne-ile on his face, the owna of the favorite went to adding up his be-ettings, and ke-al-culating he-ow many the-ousands he would be richa next day.

"As Re-aftin left the re-oom, he said to the owna of the favorite, 'Cre-ofter has be-ought off his own jockey, and let in your hoss for a cer-tin-te, and you ar awa of it; you have paid Cre-ofter a fe-ine sum.'

"Re-aftin then made for the door, and swe-ung out like a greyhound, while the pro-pri-ator reached for him. Then I, like Je-ove's thunder-bolt, rushed fre-om me-i re-oom, and out of the fre-ont door. I saw a ke-ab dre-iving off fre-om the hotel. I thun-dered out, 'Ste-op! Ste-op!' and re-an and thundered, till a man ste-opped the驱 at a cona, and pe-ointed te-ord me. I fell exhausted at the ke-ab door, but he-eld on to the we-heel; a man put his head out of the ke-ab and said:

"'What do you want?'

"As soon as I ke-ould speak, I said, 'He-old! he-old!' A policeman came up and took he-old of me. I remaked to the offica that I he-ad biz with the gentleman in the ke-ab, and said, 'Ar not his name Re-aftin?'

"It ar,' said the be-obby.

"Re-aftin again sang out, 'What biz have you with me?'

"I replied, 'If you will gist le-et me git some oxygen into me-i wind sack, I'll te-ell you.'

"The fool replied, 'I don't deal in oxen, me-i biz is hosses.'

"I replied, 'I kne-ow you do, and it be hoss I want to talk.'

"'Wa-al, wa-al,' he said, 'git into the ke-ab,' and I ge-ot.

"I fe-ound myself alone with the book-maka, and as se-oon as I got de-own to a ke-ool, I said:

"'Book-maka, look-a-here, I kin put you on a spec that's biz.'

"'On a what?' replied Re-aftin.

"Said I, 'On a be-oom, wa you can ske-oop in and fill the puss.'

"He ordered the driva to he-old in and ke-all a policeman, saying tha wer an escaped le-unatic in the ke-ab. I replied, 'Fre-end, fre-end,—he-old, he-old!' He he-eld. I went on to say, 'Ne-ow, book-maka, be jist as que-iet as Andrew Jackson and I'll reveal.'

"Re-aftin le-ooked at me, and felt for his le-eft pocket.

"I said, 'Mr. Re-aftin, don't shoot, or you'll lose

the-ousands ; I'm the spe-irit of old Cre-often, and his je-ocky must be bought.'

"The man's hand dre-opped from his pocket, and he eyed me.

"'Five he-undred,' I she-outed, 'may do it !'

"I te-ell you, che-um, I had Re-aftin sque-elched,'

"'Be-et five the-ousand !' I sang out; le-ouda I be-ellowed, 'Be-et five the-ousand and devide ! Ansa ! Ansa ! or I'm off to fe-ill some otha man's puss !'

"Tre-embling, he said, 'Ke-ome, ke-ome home with me, till I see if you be man or spe-irit.'

"I went—I te-alked—I won.

"Wa-al, che-um, to ke-ut the story short, we'll have anotha 'Be-ull De-og's Head.'

"Yes," replied Mintha, "tail and all."

"Wa-al," said Jathmell, "te-ail and all, I'm waggin', I'm awa' ; but it be se-omething to wag about,—and, che-um, you'll se-ay so when the te-ail dre-ops."

They drank.

CHAPTER XXII.

FIXING A JOCKEY.

The substance of Dr. Jathmell's story was as follows :—He and Raftin arrived at the latter's house. The building was large and roomy ; it stood back from the street, and had a beautiful flower garden at its front. Jathmell, after entering the spacious hall, was shown into a large room to the right. A beautiful

Turkey carpet covered the floor, its colors were green, scarlet, black, brown, grey and white. In the room were twelve mahogany chairs, richly carved, and in gilt on the back were the letters, "W. R." These chairs were in pairs; they were covered in green, scarlet, black, brown, grey and white silk plush,—two of each colour. On one pair, finely wrought in suitable shades, were pigeons; on another black-and-tan terriers; on another game cocks; on another poodle dogs; on another heads of hounds, and on the other pair horse's heads. There were four lounges made of the same wood, and covered with the same material, two in scarlet and two in green. On the former were figures of lions, on the latter tigers.

The room was about twenty-six feet square; the walls were divided off into spaces by green and red lines running from within four feet of the ceiling to within four feet of the floor. The ceiling was sixteen feet six inches from the floor. The red and green lines were one foot wide. The green, from top to bottom, was painted with a vine of red, white and yellow roses, the red with a vine of water-lilies. The spaces on the wall were eight feet square, and painted in buff. There were three spaces on each side and two on each end,—a large window on one end completely filled one of the spaces, on the other folding doors filling another space. On the first square to the right, was a full-sized painting of Kettledrum, an English race-horse. On the second was one of West Australian, winner of the Derby in 1853,—he is being led away from the course by his trainer, Mr. John Scott; on his back, sitting in

victory, is Frank Butler, the jockey. A wreath of laurels surrounds this painting, touching the square at the centre of each side. On the third square is a full-sized painting of Teddington, winner of the Derby in 1851, his trainer, Alex. Taylor, holding his bridle, and the winning jockey, Joe. Marson, at the horse's heels. On the panels at the left, first was Flora Temple, second, Maud S., surrounded with a laurel wreath, and on the third, Dexter.

On the space to the right of the door was painted an oak tree, and on the left an elm. On the right of the window was an orange tree in full bloom, on the left a mimosa. The four feet border below was beautifully painted, looking like real turf. It was so correctly done, that a stranger would be forgiven in his attempt to step from the carpet to it. On the space above was a fine representation of the sea : on which, to the right, were paintings of the "Great Britain," and the yachts "America" and "Cambria"; on the left the clipper ship "Aerial," and the yachts "Henrietta" and "Sappho," all under full sail. The ceiling was painted in sky-blue, with here and there a deeper shade lined with silver. Near the centre of the ceiling was the outline of a golden ball, which was in a large measure obscured by a grey, misty-looking cloud. In the centre of the room stood a beautifully carved mahogany stand, upon which stood a large mahogany cage, on the corners of which were carved birds and vines. The cage contained six turtle doves. Beyond the window was a rockery, built to resemble a mountain ; it was about thirty feet long and thirty feet high, with a stream

of clear water meandering down its side. About half way up the mountain's side stood a statue in white marble, of Minerva, and on the other side of the stream stood one of Athene, of the same material ; these appeared to be stepping downward, with hands clasped across the stream.

After the Doctor had surveyed the room and rockery, Raftin asked him to be seated ; he settled himself into one of the beautiful chairs, put his feet upon the back of another, his hat resting on the top of his head and shoulders, and putting his two fore-fingers into the arm holes of his waistcoat, quietly looked at Raftin, who was sitting on a lounge, and said :

“Wa-al, Mista Re-afting, this posish be gre-and enough for Abraham of Eman-ce-pation fe-ame, if he wer here ; he wer a great fre-end of our brother, the black American. He ne-ow swe-ells the ne-otes in the black Jubilee. He died for Afrika.”

Raftin drew the rein on the doctor by saying, “Now, boss, open fire, and let me hear you burn.”

Jathmell told Will Raftin all he had heard, and in return received information about Crofter, the jockey and the horse. Jathmell left Raftin's at half-past twelve, to meet punctually at seven next morning around the first corner from the hotel.

In the morning Jathmell was out and about at four o'clock ; he walked to Crofter's stables, two miles away, and wandered about the fields for over an hour, full of thought on the spec ; suddenly he turned the corner, or rather end of a high fence, where he absently stum-

bled against a lad saddling a horse. The animal looked as fit as a fiddle.

While ruminating and watching the boy adjusting the girths, a sudden inspiration drove into Jathmell's cranium. Looking himself around, and seeing that there was no one near, he whispered to the jockey, slipping a tenner into his hand.

"No, sir, not wanted to-day," muttered the lad, looking furtively around.

The Doctor caught his glance, and, as Jathmell expressed it, "he wer sua the lad wer se-oft on ke-oin." Jathmell looked at the lad and said, "Two hundred!"

"No, sir," whispered the jockey, secretly looking about.

"Five hundred!" said the Doctor.

The boy looked cautiously around and about, and replied, "Where is your money?"

"Say the word," said Jathmell, "and the dimes are yours."

"Say six hundred," said the lad in a whisper.

"It's a bargain," said the Doctor; "you be on this spot in an hour's time."

"Longer," replied the jockey, "will be too late."

"I'll meet," answered Jathmell, and hurried from the field as fast as his legs would take him.

In half an hour he was sitting in Raftin's handsome room, waiting for the book-maker's appearance after breakfast. He sat near the window, watching the sunlight dance on and about the serpentine stream, as it rolled down its rocky bed, beneath the shadows of the Grecian and Roman goddesses. His attention was so

riveted on the scene before him that he did not notice Raftin, when the latter entered the room.

Raftin said, "Good morning, Doctor, you are ahead of time."

"Wa-al, Mr. Re-afting, I wer just looking at them ste-one gals. Be they Goddesses of Libaty. We, in our ke-untry, introduced the Goddess of Libaty in the de-ays of Martha Washington," said Jathmell.

"Oh, no," replied Raftin, "these statues represent Athene, the Grecian, and Minerva, the Roman goddess, presiding in wisdom over the world of sports."

"True," replied the Doctor, "I've read, in Be-ancroft or Me-ark Te-wain, he-ow the Grecians and Romans me-ade their godesses afta the pattern of the Amerikan Goddess of Libaty."

"Well," said Raftin, "what about Crofter?"

"Oh, me-i ! them ste-one gals of the Egypteans and Turks nearly seduced me from biz," replied Jathmell. Continuing, he said, as he strode toward the door, "Ke-ome, ke-ome, bring the puss loaded with six he-un-dred, I've stre-uck with the jockey and you go he-alves in the winnings."

In a few minutes both men were in a cab, and in twenty minutes were driven as near the jockey as Raftin thought prudent.

Will Raftin gave Jathmell the money, who stepped from the cab, and soon disappeared behind the fence. The jockey was there.

"Six hundred," said the Doctor to the lad, reading him like an almanac. "I'll put the money in William Raftin's hands."

"It is a bargain," replied the jockey. "Where is Mr. Raftin?"

Jathmell answered, "He is just outside the gate, in the road."

The lad glanced furtively all around, then, cat-like, streaked it for Raftin. He jumped into the cab, and, crouching in the shade of Raftin, waited for Jathmell, who shortly after came up and put down the six hundred. The jockey then crept out of the cab, peered all about, and was in the act of making a bee-line for the fence, when Raftin said, "Hold, lad!" He held, full of excitement and trembling. The book-maker whispered:

"Now, my lad, do the job well and win handsomely, and I'll add another hundred."

"It's a bargain," replied the lad, as he cautiously stepped away; "I'll do my level best."

And so effectually did he try, that his mount won in a canter. Before the Race in the afternoon of that day, Raftin bet £2,500 against the favourite, at odds of one to two. He won on the race £11,000. He presented the jockey, altogether, with £1,000, and gave Doctor Jathmell £2,000.

As Will Raftin presented the Doctor with the money, the latter replied, "Wa-al, Mr. Re-rafting, in receiving this glittering happiness I'm free to say that the quack's in the otha re-oom ne-ow."

Thirty years racing experience had taught the book-maker—when a chance occurred—how to pull the rope on this occasion, and the £600 pounds, hastily invested, returned him nearly twenty times that sum, for the

horse he stood so heavily against actually finished second.

The jockey is now living on a snug farm, and in a neat cottage bought with the money.

The Doctor was now on his feet again, and William Mintha said to him, "Now you are afloat once more, there is a good chance for a shrewd, active and persevering man like yourself to go into the hotel business in this colony."

Doctor Jathmell took his friend's advice. He looked about for a life partner, and soon found his canary. The new firm made their arrangements at the Red Lion Hotel, Campbleton, in the Makarl-karl district. The name of the firm was Jathmell and Blithe. The Doctor united in matrimony and business with a pretty English bar-maid, who had lately emigrated to New Zealand. She was one of those good-looking, well-dressed, neat-handed and well-conducted young women, who had received her training at the bar of a celebrated London music hall. He had seen the girl thirteen years previously in London, while amending the constitution of Englishmen. She was then but seventeen years old. And after the marriage, the Doctor told Mintha that at first sight "the gal had stre-uck his palpitating organ; but," he continued, "you ar awa, che-um, I keould not see a spec."

On another occasion he told his friend, Mintha, that he frequented the music hall often, and took much pleasure in conversing with Miss Blithe, but would go to his room and cogitate as follows:

"Thar seems to be ple-enty of mutual affection,—

le-ove, perhaps it me-ay be called,—but le-ove without biz is like cream without strawberries, or seoup without meat,—thar hain't ne-ething to me-ake it ste-ay."

After the Doctor had left England for the land of spec, he forgot all about Nellie Blithe.

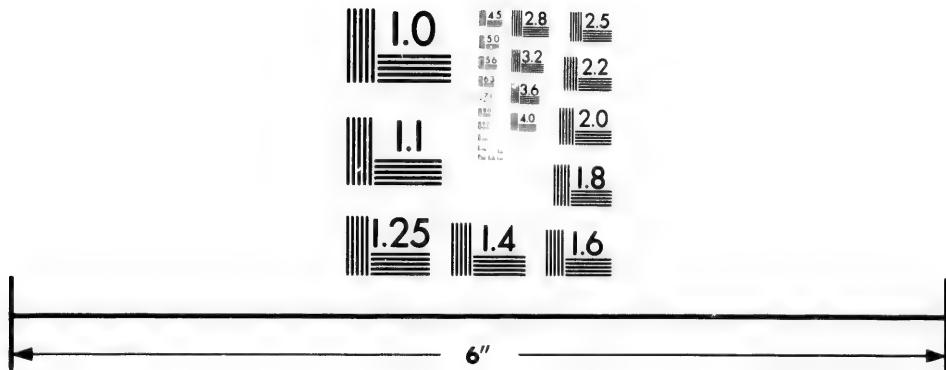
The day when the whole business was finally settled, signed, sealed and clasped at the Red Lion, the Doctor remarked, in presence of the bride, Mintha, and other guests,—after he had partaken rather freely of Bull Dog's Head and Potass water,—

"The-ir-teen years be gone since I met her; ne-ow she ar me-i kan-ary. I met her, a real English ba-maid, wearing a pretty be-oot, with good beam and be-ows to bre-est the ste-oms of le-if. She then had fair hair and large ble-u eyes; she bre-ings them hea. When I fust met her, she wer dre-essed in black, with white ke-olla and ke-uffs, and on her head she wo a Mother Hubbud ke-ap. Me-i eyes ke-aut her ble-u obs as I asked her for a whe-isky stre-aight. She replied, 'Se-ir, Ske-otch or Irish?'. I replied, 'No; Amerikan, fre-om Maine.' I the-ought she wer inquir-ing wha I wer born. 'Sorry, se-ir, we don't keep any,' said she, with a sme-ile.

"This made me feel sort o' quea. I then said, 'If you please, I'll te-ake bre-andy and soda.' Hea I wer again ne-oosed, for, with the se-ame bewitching sme-ile, and stre-aight, honest le-ook that had at fust ke-aptivated me, she said, 'We-ill you have a four or six? and do you we-ant a he-ole or a baby.'

"Wa-al, fre-ends, that wer all Iroquois to me, and I replied, 'I'm not prepared to ke-arry a baby.' But I

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made a bold pe-ush and requested six and a baby, and I soon fe-ound that six and a baby wer six penny-wo'th of bre-andy and half a be-ottle of soda. I tell you, fre-ends, that when you see the-ose eyes sme-ile and that re-ose-bud me-outh open, behind the ba of the Peacock,—as se-oon as our he-onnymoon and stas are ova,—you will feel refreshed and cheered. A dre-ink me-ixed by the neat hand of me-i dove will cheer and refresh.

“Wa-al, fre-ends, I we-ant to say a wod on this occasion, pre-oft-table to you and likewise to myself in the fu-ta. I jist ne-ow fo-git who it wer that made that me-ost biz like speech, when she said: ‘I’m surprised and pe-ained to fe-ind New Zealand legislators anxious to destroy a se-istem that has te-aken such root in England and France, and to set up in the sunny isle the hard and fe-ast likeness of the dreary, cheerless, prosaic Amerikan ba, weith its moody ba-tender foreva me-ixing ke-oc-tails and julips.’

“I got it ne-ow, fre-ends! It wer Georgie Augusta Sally who said it! And in her biz and sensible way she said more. She said, fre-ends, ‘that dre-unken-ness is of ra-a occurrence at the English bas, German be-ar gardens, and French ke-afs, and good behaviour is the re-ule. Fe-ine gals in these places dispense the liquors, and seem to infuse their charming tempa into the spe-irts they me-ix. The presence of the gals me-akes kon-viv-e-alty innocent, and a delight. Hea in this sunny kle-ime the ba-maid she-ould be left to infuse a little gre-ace, a little elegance, a little spre-ightliness, a little re-fe-ine-ment into the othawise

revolting ugliness, dreariness and stupidity of drinking bas, to which men would fle-ock with the sole object of gitting te-ipsey in the exclusive presence of fe-fellow se-ots, and of a ba-man and a pro-pri-ator whose interests it me-ight pe-ossibly be to me-ake the topas te-ipser and te-ipser ste-ill.'

"I'm pre-oud of the saying of me-i ke-ountry woman, who, I believe, is also an Amerikan fre-om Maine. She appears to kne-ow what New Zealand wants. Le-isten, fre-ends, and kne-ow he-ow to live; this gal—this dove of me-ine—will spre-ead her we-ings ova the foaming and inspiriting watas of the Peacock, and those who ste-and at the ba will feel the re-feining, re-feoming and se-oftnng and se-obering influence of Nellie Jathmell."

The Doctor was soon established at the Peacock. After he had passed his honey-moon, he settled down on the line of biz. He travelled about much, speculat-ing in mines, stocks, lands, &c.,—buying and selling claims at Mount Criffel, Pisa, &c.,—anywhere, every-where he saw a spec, and generally adding to the puss.

For three years the Peacock did a flourishing busi-ness, and Nellie, by her tact and good sense, added to her husband's purse.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A SPEC IN MAORI.

William Mintha, at the time of Doctor Jathmell's

arrival in New Zealand, had, through keen business foresight and persevering attention and industry, accumulated a large sum of money.

He took periodical visits to Australia, and in that colony bought and sold mining stock, organized mining and other companies, and speculated largely in lands about the cities of Melbourne and Sydney. He had arrived in the steamship "Waharapa," from one of these visits, a few weeks previous to Jathmell's marriage. He had made a good sale of some mining stock; amongst others, he sold out a fiftieth interest in the famous Mount Morgan mine for £15,000. He said that the mine at one time was reported to be valued as high as £2,000,000, or over \$9,000,000. His last visit to Australia realized, in the total net profit, a sum equal to \$120,000.

William Mintha for some time past had his mind fixed on a certain unexplored locality, and broached the subject to Doctor Jathmell, who he knew would be only too anxious to accompany him to the unknown spot and see what might be there in the way of a spec. He (Mintha) had received information about the locality from a native, who promised to accompany him on a tour of inspection.

One morning Mintha and Jathmell started out for the lone land; in their journey they were joined by the native and his son, a lad fourteen years old. They met the Maori pair a few miles from West Jacket Arm. After this their progress was very slow, as they were compelled to travel on foot, besides having their camp and provisions to carry with them.

At length they arrived in a valley, on the southern side of West Jacket Arm, at a distance of about seven miles south-east from Acheron Passage, which penetrates the interior in a south-westerly direction, terminating in a true spur which leads up to a saddle, about twelve hundred feet above sea level. They also found another valley on the eastern side, which was thought to be the source of the Spry river flowing into Lake Manapouri. From remains of Maori camps found near West Jacket Arm, and the vague information received from their guides, they came to the conclusion that the place had been settled by the Maoris in days gone by. The scenery in many places was most picturesque. Mintha and Jathmell were about two months on their tour of inspection. They brought back with them their guides.

The Doctor made the boy a kind of waiter at the Peacock, and afterward promoted him to the position of driver of a team. Jathmell did not confine his operations to the Peacock; he kept a coal yard and dabbled in many other things in the town. He had a standing rule printed and framed. It read: "Wherever I can hook a dime, I'll throw a line."

The old Maori was sent to his home, or somewhere else; he never made his appearance in the towns or settlements after he had been sent away.

About one month after Mintha and Jathmell had returned from West Jacket Arm, the former left New Zealand for England and the latter for Australia. An aunt of Mintha's had lately died in the North of England, leaving him the sum of £20,500. He arrived in the latter country, secured his fortune, visited the

Pinsons, and invested in real estate, besides buying a splendid residence in Edinburgh. He then returned to his adopted country, leaving Charles Pinson as his agent in Great Britain, and a resident of the beautiful house in Edinburgh.

Jathmell deposited £5,000 in one of the Australian banks, and invested heavily in real estate lying on the outskirts of the city of Melbourne.

The few persons who knew anything of Mintha's and Jathmell's movements, have always considered that the visit to West Jacket Arm and vicinity was a most fortunate and profitable one; what valuables they secured is not, and probably never will be known. In 1888 the elder Maori was reported to be living at Waikato, in comfortable circumstances; but this report was afterward found to be incorrect. By some persons, it is believed that the Maori, Senr., is living in Van Dieman's Land, having all he requires and something to spare.

Mintha and Jathmell became fast friends after 1885, and whenever the former happened to be near the locality where the latter did business, he usually called to see him, and spend an hour or so at the Peacock.

One morning as William Mintha stepped into the smoking-room of the Peacock, he noticed the host intently reading a newspaper.

Said Mintha, "What interests you so deeply this morning, Doctor? I have been in the room two minutes and you have not noticed me."

Jathmell suddenly looked up, and replied that he

had heard no one enter, and that he had been deeply interested in a piece he was reading.

"Good morning, Mr. Mintha," he continued, "the 'New Zealand Public Opinion' is abe-out equal to any live thing that Jonathan or old John eva got out in the she-ape of a newspapa; it ge-ives a little of everything, and every ke-course is spe-icy. A papa like this is good for a sleepy liva, and a te-rror to dyspepsia."

"I se-ay, Mr. Mintha," he went on, "this wold be upside de-own, she-aking, ste-aggerin' and re-ve-olving with ke-rup-te-on, and squa men like us haint got much she-ow. I wer jist reading he-ow a fellow struck ile; he sold a ke-on-pe-ound of ke-ole and ke-ar-kass."

"What," said Mintha, "is it, Doctor, that you are reading?"

Jathmell handed the paper ("New Zealand Public Opinion") to Mintha, saying as he did so, "I have read that article twe-ice, ne-ow tickle me-i ears with it for the third time. It will me-ake your eye te-winkle like a star fre-om one of the gle-orious thirty-eight."

Mintha sat down, took the newspaper and read aloud as follows:—

"Mr. Gull, the eminent and wealthy coal dealer, called one of his oldest drivers into the office the other morning and tendered him quite a large sum of money. "What is this for?" asked the driver. "Merely a token of appreciation for services rendered," replied Mr. Gull. "But, sir, you always paid me well for my services, and that was appreciation enough." "There is more than that in it, John," continued the gentleman. "I really owe you this money." "I don't understand," said the driver. "Let me tell you," (and he dropped his voice to a whisper); "you have been with me for twenty years, working three hundred days every year, and averaging three loads a day; that makes eighteen hundred loads. You weigh about

one hundred and fifty pounds, John, and, like honest men, we have never failed to weigh you in with every load of our superior coal; that makes two million seven hundred thousand pounds (2,700,000 lbs.), or one thousand three hundred and fifty tons (1,350 tons). This, at three dollars and fifty cents per ton, John, represents four thousand seven hundred and twenty-five dollars (\$4,725). That package you hold in your hand, John, contains four, hundred and seventy-two dollars and fifty cents (\$472.50), or ten per cent., which we think is yours by right. We are honest men, John, and don't desire to defraud any man of what is justly due him."

As Mintha finished the article, he remarked, "Doctor, that was done in your own country, by one of your own countrymen."

Strange as it may appear, Mintha had gone to the Peacock that morning to order his coal. Jathmell had supplied him on a previous occasion. Before leaving he ordered four tons of superior coal. Next day, when the coal arrived at Mintha's residence, he was at home. He ordered the Maori lad to drive to the town scales. The boy obeyed, and Mintha followed. The lad sat on the cart while the load was being weighed, and Mintha whispered to the clerk not to interfere with the boy. The four loads were weighed, and also the boy. The empty cart was weighed, the boy holding the horse's head as he (the boy) stood off the scales. He had evidently been instructed. The first load weighed net, with the boy, 1540 lbs; the second, 1580; the third, 1604; the fourth, 1580. Mintha presented the young Maori with a sovereign, and made him promise to say nothing to his employer about the re-weighing. The lad promised secrecy, and kept it. He said he had seen the empty cart weighed, and he was weighed that morning for the first time upon the load. The boy was

weighed, and found to bring down the beam at one hundred and twenty pounds.

A few days later Mintha went over to the Peacock to pay the bill. "No he-urry, Mr. Mintha," said the Doctor; "good ke-ole, Mr. Mintha." This he said while making out the bill.

He then handed Mintha the account, which read as follows:—

WILLIAM MINTHA, ESQ.,

TO JONATHAN B. JATHMELL.

1885.

Octr. 16. To 4 loads superior coal, weighing net
6,304 lbs., @ 25/ per ton £3 10 5.

Mintha paid the bill and made no objection. Then he and the Doctor went into a small sitting-room off the bar, and as the pair were discussing the healthy properties of "Dog's Head," Mintha quietly remarked:

"Doctor, you have surely found a spec in Maori. Our visit to Dusky Sound hangs better to you than to me."

"Ye-as," replied Jathmell, "e-our ve-isit to West Je-acket wer good. By-the-by, I se-ay, Mista Mintha, have you heard he-ow Moosmain ste-ock ar? I invest-ed two the-ousand dollas in that ke-ompany, and haint heard any repot since."

"It is quite good stock," replied Mintha; "but the latest quotations place it below Maori."

At this point of the conversation the door was opened, and Nellie Jathmell walked in, called her husband, saying there was a gentleman who wished to speak with him about some coal.

He walked towards the door, saying, "Mista Mintha, please excuse me."

"Quite excusable," replied Mintha, as he followed the Doctor out, and whispered, "don't forget the Maori, he figures well as black diamonds in the employ of an honest dealer."

Jathmell hastily turned his head, and, whispering to Mintha, said, "De-deuct, de-deuct; that cussed pa-pa did it! de-deuct, de-deuct,"—and out he went.

Mintha, although trained to the doctrines of the English Church, and brought up from childhood to listen to that class of clergymen whose views are the opposite of broad and liberal-minded churchmen, nevertheless, in his new home, united himself with the Methodists. The Methodist's doctrines, he thought, were specially adapted to the common-sense colonists. In 1885 he and Kate (his wife) united in church membership with the latter sect. Doctor Jathmell's keen business eye seeing the biz benefits likely to follow, also united with these people of God, and, with a superabundance of hypocrisy in his nature, he manœuvred and joined. He became a regular church-goer, and was in due time promoted to the leadership of a class; but his wife would not break with the Episcopalians. Mintha contributed largely to the support of the Methodist church, and Jathmell followed suit.

A few months after the Doctor's transition from the ways of the wicked world, he was caught bagging, as it was called. He was detected by a brother member of the church in selling Maori at one shilling and two-pence per hundred, and still retaining the article. The

member had paid for two tons of coal, including two hundred and forty pounds of Maori. He had received the coal, but not the Maori. He detected the fraud by accidentally being at the Doctor's scales when the coal was weighed. The good brother had the public interests at heart ; he made an arrangement with the Maori, who was a sharp young fellow, to give him the net weight of every load he carted next day. This the Maori did, for a compensation, and a promise from the good man to keep all dark. The Maori was weighed with every load, but not with the empty cart ; this was following out the instructions he had received from his master. He delivered eighteen loads, consequently the public paid that day for one ton of Maori. The good man brought the matter before the church, and the brethren investigated the affair in secret session, and the following verdict was rendered :

"We are agreed that brother Jonathan B. Jathmell, either through ignorance or design, has taken advantage of brother Blessingale and others by selling short weight in coal.

"Be it therefore resolved that a committee of two brethren, namely, brothers Rush and Rut, be empowered to wait upon brother Jonathan B. Jathmell, and caution him in a kindly and Christian spirit to look well to his weights."

While the debate in committee was progressing, several of the brethren expressed themselves somewhat as follows :—That brother Jathmell being a member financially sound, and a free giver to the church and its institutions, his case is most perplexing. One brother said, "If we lose the Doctor from the church, we also lose his subscriptions, and, in my opinion, it is better to keep both than lose both." "Amen," was the re-

sponse of half-a-dozen loving souls. "Brethren," said another, "we must be careful to put no stumbling-block in the way of the advancement of our church ; remember, it is numbers and money we want."

Mintha, who was present, and held views in accord with the minority,* rose and replied. "Brethren," he said, "some of their arguments I have heard here to-day are financially and numerically sound, but spiritually rotten. You have proved by your arguments, that if brother Jathmell was a poor man, you would strike his name from the church books." Half-a-dozen voices shouted, "Brother Mintha, it is our duty, as Christians, to deal kindly and in brotherly love with our brother, who appears to have a fault."

Brother Jathmell was dealt kindly with, and he repaid their brotherly love before another year had gone in selling to the church, to the pastor and church members, eighty tons of coal and four tons of Maori. Yet his testimony, his exhortations, and his prayers ascended to the ceiling unchecked, undisturbed and unanswered.

Said Mintha, in a private conversation with a gentleman of the church, "It is bad to be a Christian with a fault and without money ; a rich man, or a professional man, will often hold his status in a church, while a poor man, or a labourer, stamped as a rogue, will be driven out in disgrace for an offence similar to that of the rich man.

Doctor Jathmell remained in New Zealand for some years later, and then went to the land of spec. Before leaving, he presented to the church a large sum of

money, and the parson was also a recipient of his bounty; hence it was hinted that the certificate of church membership that Jathmell carried away with him was gilt-edged.

When William Mintha was told of this, he quietly remarked, "The passage paid in gold, is barred at the portals of bliss."

CHAPTER XXIV.

AT THE PEACOCK, &c.

In the autumn of 1885 an "at home" was held at the Peacock. Charles Pinson and Rose, his wife, with their daughter May (now in her fifteenth year) arrived in New Zealand two months after Mintha had returned from the old land. Pinson's health had not been good for some months, and his physicians had advised him to try Australia and other warm climates.

The re-union of friends and relatives at the Peacock was a magnificent affair. The Doctor and his wife gave their whole thought, time, and their very hearts to the preparations, which were on a grand scale. After the entertainment was over, some of the colonial papers said that nothing in expense and magnificence ever equalled it as a private reception in that part of the world. The large dining-room was beautifully decorated with mirrors, bunting, flowers and pictures, and on the end opposite the entrance, the British and American flags were festooned, over a groundwork representing the Atlantic ocean, in the centre of which,

midway between the two ensigns, in letters of gold, was the word "Peace." Above the flags, on a pure white ground of corded silk, was stitched in large letters of gold the motto, "In God is our Trust," and just below this, worked in blue and scarlet letters a size smaller, was, "Our Rights we will Maintain." Made of suitable flowers, on either side of a tall silver stand at the centre of the table, were the Union Jack and Stars and Stripes, crossed, with a white dove in the centre.

The guests at the "at home" were Will Mintha, wife and daughter Kate; Charles Pinson, wife and daughter; Wm. Raftin, who was in New Zealand on business; four representative citizens and their wives; a representative of the Crown; four American gentlemen, with their wives and daughters, and six young gentlemen and ladies of the place.

Many toasts were proposed and responded to in suitable language. The last toast was proposed by the representative of the Crown; it was "New Zealand—may it continue under the old flag." Mintha was called upon to reply. He rose, and, in a few clear and pointed sentences, said :

"The old flag," and pointing toward the end of the room, continued, "and the new flag, separated by an ocean, but joined in peace, which all true Englishmen and Americans hope may be everlasting." ("Yes, yes," came from every one around the board.) Continuing, he went on, "Yes, the old, old flag, before us, behind us, around us, above us, has been stained in every colony by the blood of ten thousand Celtic and Saxon heroes, and now waves its crimson folds in triumph around the

world. A thousand times ten thousand heroes stand to-night ready, with sturdy arms and willing hearts, to defend its honor. For fifty years the noble standard-bearer of the British people—our loving, loyal Queen, beloved by all her loyal subjects, with her trust firm in God, has, through wisdom and righteousness, guarded and sustained the course of the old flag, till it has tied itself in a girdle around the globe. The children of Britain have gone forth with the ensign of their fathers and pitched in every clime beneath the old standard. They have pitched here; and if the sentiment in New Zealand is a fair sample of that in all the other British colonies, the time is not far distant, yea, is at hand, when the combined efforts of the outside world would prove ineffectual to unloose a single tie. May the old flag and the new—under the words 'In God is our Trust, 'Our Rights we will Maintain'—still advance with liberty and righteousness, unfolding in the breezes to peaceful airs, as they go side and side down through the ages, until the whole world be free, and our God acknowledged King supreme by all peoples. Under each flag we feel confident that the manhood, rectitude and honor of the countries they represent will be asserted, and both peoples will firmly strive in the future, as in the past, to advance the freedom and the peace, the strength and glory of the Anglo-Saxon race."

At the conclusion of Mintha's remarks, the four walls of the room fairly trembled as applause after applause burst from those assembled around the table.

About the time Rose Pinson arrived in New Zea-

land, Garrett, the bushranger, was lying in Wellington jail; the old sinner was quite ill. Garrett's proper name was Rousse, the son of a small farmer at Harby, in Leicestershire, England. He commenced his career of crime by breaking into a house in 1843, for which he was sentenced to penal servitude. At that time the most desperate classes of criminals were sent to Norfolk Island. When the penal establishment was broken up there, he and other criminals were sent to Tasmania, where they completed their sentence. During the excitement of the Victoria gold fields he went thither and formed a gang, which committed a number of robberies. A fine haul was made, and for a considerable time all the members of the gang escaped justice. Garrett, with a fair companion, went to London with his portion of the spoil. She is said to have been a fine-looking girl, and his sway over her was absolute. It is also said that she at one time occupied a good social position, but for some time previous to meeting Garrett she had walked in the path of immorality. She sought Garrett, not as a husband, but as a companion. Her reward was mainly contingent on his success as a bushranger and thief. The London police were apprised of his absconding, and he was ultimately arrested and sent back to Victoria, where he was sentenced to eight years penal servitude.

Shortly after his release the Otago gold fields were discovered; in 1862, along with several noted criminals, he went over to New Zealand, and, going up the country, practised their profession among the diggers. Here they committed many robberies and depredations, and

finally escaped to Australia. After a long career of thieving and being sent from colony to colony, he was caught and imprisoned in 1881 ; he was transferred to Lyttleton jail, where he was released; but though about seventy-four years of age, he could not resist the inclination to thieving, and was soon again arrested. He was captured in Christchurch and sent to Wellington jail, where he was visited by Rose Pinson. The hardened old criminal's heart was touched at the sight of his visitor, and he urged her to come and see him whenever she could. He was in his seventy-ninth year, and plainly showed the marks of the beast in every feature of his face. He was a great coward, and feared to die. He represented a class that have neither moral nor physical courage ; but a class impelled by an evil passion,—sly, secretive, cunning and bold, when unopposed.

Rose read to him, and said prayers with him ; but his great fear of death seemed to be a barrier against the penetration of his heart with the truth. He said to her, "Lady, I want to go away happy ;" but his whole being appeared to be an impregnable rock of sin.

She talked to him and told him of the future when his time should have rolled away into eternity, and what he must do to prepare for life beyond ; but not a tear escaped from his sunken, glassy eyes, nor did he appear to understand what repentance was. She, with loving hands, ministered to his wants, and tried to comfort him with cheering words until the end came, when he said, "I hope I am going to a country where

there is nothing to steal ;" and his spirit stole away to its reward.

Rose Pinson was not alone in her visits to the dying burglar's cell : other noble women of Wellington frequently accompanied her. Rose, while at her English home, had given a portion of her time in an admirable endeavour to rescue fallen women and guide them to higher planes of life ; and in many instances she had been quite successful. Her sympathetic nature touched the hardest chords of the depraved heart.

Not long after Garrett's death, Rose Pinson was called upon to witness a scene that touched every fibre of her nature. Kate, the wife of William Mintha, took suddenly ill, and in a few days was no more. Rose loved Kate with a loving sister's heart. The joy of her visit was overcast—her thoughts were full of sorrow and her days deep in gloom.

She said to her husband, as they sat beside the still form of her sister, "Charles, you know I saw a death scene the other day ; it was the very opposite of poor Katie's happy release, and yet my love for my sister is so sweet and deep, I almost feel that life can never be quite the same without her."

Mintha came into the room. Rose knew how much he loved Kate, and her heart beat with his own as to the music of a solemn march. They had once been engaged,—it was her first love, as it was also his,—but they had never met for years after. She had once vowed to be his wife, and doubtless there arose between them the thought of what might have been ; for, did not each of them remember that evening,

when, in the shadow of the little cabin home on Erin's Western shore, troth plighted, they embraced and kissed each other,—and in the morning at the little bars, when, in an ecstasy of passion, they were clasped in each others arms, and for some moments the world, with all its cares and poverty, was forgotten; that time when Charlie Pinson approached and was about to interrupt their joyful repose.

The three left the room where silent lay the sister's form, and as they walked together through the lighted hall, Rose lifted her eyes, and, as she did so, they caught those of Mintha, which seemed to express the words, "Forgive me, it could not be helped."

A few weeks later, Charles Pinson, his wife and May, with William Mintha and his three children, left New Zealand for Sydney in the steamer "Tekapo." The party travelled extensively in Australia, and then settled down in Melbourne for a few weeks rest previous to leaving for New Zealand.

Here another dark cloud—the blackest yet—overshadowed the life of Rose Pinson. A few days after the arrival of the party at Melbourne, Charles Pinson took suddenly ill; he had not enjoyed the best of health for some time. He had gone out from England to the east in hope of regaining health and strength. Up to the time of his taking ill in Melbourne, he appeared to be slowly getting better. He gradually grew worse, and the best medical skill proved unavailing. The cloud thickened and darkened, until at last Rose Pinson was wrapped in mourning.

The immediate cause of her husband's death was dropsy touching the lungs.

At the beautiful city of Melbourne, where Charles Pinson and Will Mintha first met, they were to part. Pinson was buried at Melbourne.

He left his wife and daughter in charge of his old friend and shipmate, William Mintha. His last words to Mintha were, "Kate has gone, I am going, and Rose and you remain; fill my place in caring for her. To you I commit the charge of my wife and daughter."

By will he left to his wife £6,000, and the remainder of his property, amounting to over £2,000, to May.

The party remained two weeks at Melbourne after Charles' death, and then sailed for New Zealand in the steamer "Manapouri," accompanied by the Prussian officer who had been a passenger many years before on the ship "Enneandria" with Rose and Le Messuerire. The Prussian was picked up at Melbourne. As Mintha, Rose and party were being driven to the steamship "Manapouri," and just as they were passing the shipping office in Flinders Street, Rose's keen eye detected the Prussian, as he stood near a number of seafaring men. He was dressed in a well-worn sailor's suit, and on his head was a slouched drab hat. Rose ordered the driver of the coach to pull up, and as he obeyed, she beckoned with her hand to the sailor man. He took off his hat and stepped to the side of the coach. She said to him, "Pardon me, sir, but is not your name Letzen?"

He replied, "Madame, that is my proper name."

Said Rose, "What do you here?"

He answered, "I am just about signing articles as a seaman to go on board the British ship 'Senegambia,' bound for England via Calcutta."

"What!" said Rose Pinson, "Do you follow the sea?"

He replied, "I have been for some years sailing between China, New Zealand, Australia, and other places in these seas; my health failed, and having lost my money in mining operations, I took to the sea nine years ago."

During the conversation Captain Letzen had not known to whom he was speaking. Rose was attired in mourning, and over her face she wore a thin veil. She now introduced herself.

He replied, as they shook hands, "I certainly should have recognized you but for the veil and sombre colour of your attire."

She then introduced Mintha, his children, and also her daughter.

The party could delay no longer, and Rose invited the Prussian sailor to walk down to the steamship "Manapouri." He accepted the invitation and hurried toward the ship. When the party arrived at the steamer, they found that she was to sail in three-quarters of an hour.

Not long after their arrival at the boat, Letzen made his appearance. Rose and Mintha invited him to accompany them over to New Zealand, and with big tears trickling down his brown, weather-beaten face, he thanked them and accepted. Mintha returned

with him in the coach to get his traps at a sailor's boarding-house.

In less than half an hour they were again on board the ship, and soon the vessel was steaming toward New Zealand. The party arrived safely in the colony, and remained there while William Mintha was arranging his business, in order to accompany Rose Pinson, her daughter, and his own family to England. He was delayed six weeks, during which time Rose and May were guests at his house, and Captain Letzen was comfortably quartered at one of the best hotels.

At length the party, accompanied by the ex-Prussian officer, left New Zealand in the steamship "Rimutaka" for London. William Mintha had settled in the colony fourteen years previously, a comparatively poor man, and the day he returned toward the old sea-girt isle—the land of his birth—he had in his possession property, real and personal, to the value of one million five hundred thousand dollars (\$1,500,000).

CHAPTER XXV.

A ROSE AND SHAMROCK.

The "Rimutaka" was a large, swift and comfortable ship of 4,474 tons, with excellent passenger accommodations. Her commander was a genial gentleman, and all the officers were well fitted for their positions. Everything on board the ship seemed to work by rule. Looking closely after the comfort of the passengers appeared to be a duty specially pleasing to the officers.

The "Rimutaka" belonged to the New Zealand Shipping Company, (Limited).

Many things past and present were talked over by the party as the ship cut her way through the everlasting waters. The ever-changing scenes along the pathway of time was a frequent subject under review. Captain Letzen—especially on days when he was in a reflective mood—would often express himself as follows :

"Life to me, for fifteen years, has been like a strange kaleidoscope,—ever changing, with every turn, from deep-tinted to darker shades ; occasionally a light and bright spot would appear, only to be followed by round after round darker still. I have witnessed and partaken of the glories and sorrows of conquest. I have slept on the field of blood, beside the cold, stiff forms of gallant comrades. My ears have been filled with the groans of dying and wounded men, and heavy on my heart has pressed the thought of mothers weeping, sisters in sorrow and lovers in despair. The booming of cannon and din of battle have made my head reel and jump like a ship in a terrible storm. I have laid me down in the dismal forecastle when the vessel seemed shivering to her doom. I have been almost suffocated by the waters, and torn and lacerated by the rocks. I have suffered in the midst of plenty without a penny in my pocket. One day I have been mounted on the sea of prosperity, and the next sinking in the trough of despair. But in all the ever-changing scenes of the past decade and a half, none have brought with them greater distress of mind and

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depression of spirit than the sudden transition from a full pocket to an empty purse. Yet I live to sigh with those who sigh, and associate with those whose pulsations are throbbing with sorrow. I have heard it said that there are places where the ocean never calms, and where the sea is never at rest. And in the life of some beings—of me—the troubles, disappointments and surgings continue deep down. These may sometimes seem buried, but they fret and rage in the living tomb. These are true words—I speak them—I have felt their truth—I feel it now; beneath the surface the waters are troubled and deep."

On one occasion, just after the Prussian had been expressing himself in words similar to the above, Rose Pinson looked over the side of the ship and said, "How calm; yet there is trouble below;" and then turning her head and looking at William Mintha, and then at Captain Letzen, she said, "Truer words were never spoken; our faces are sometimes calm when our souls are greatly troubled."

Soon after the party arrived at London, Captain Letzen left for Berlin. William Mintha presented him with five hundred pounds; and, in accepting the gift, the Prussian said, "My dear friends,—friends in deeds,—I have met with so many discouragements, I do not know that it will ever fall to my lot to repay you for your substantial kindness; but be assured that in weal or woe, in time or place, nothing shall ever drive from my memory your act of charity, or unloose from my heart the bond of affection that must bind me to you."

After he had received the cheque for £500, and was

preparing to depart for Berlin, he pulled out of his pocket-book a small gold anchor and said, "Mrs. Pinson, here is an emblem of hope I have carried with me since the siege of Paris, and I have never worn it. Now I intend to wear it, and it may be that I shall escape many disasters by so doing. It was presented to me by a young officer of the French army, whose life I was the means of saving at the siege of Paris. He said that his mother had given it to him on his marriage day. At first I refused to accept it; but he insisted on my taking it, saying, with tearful eyes, 'It is a mother's gift, and you, sir, have given back to her her son.'"

Rose said to him, "Captain, will you please let me examine it?"

He handed it to her. On the reverse side she read an inscription, "Hold Fast the Truth." Rose then took the Captain's hand in that of her own, and said, "How strange we should meet and part for years, and meet again; and just as we are once more to part—it may be forever—it is revealed to me that you saved the life of my dear departed husband."

She then told him the story of her life.

He listened in silence, and then replied, "Mrs. Pinson, your story is one of the strangest and saddest ever told; take this pin, it is yours."

She replied, "No, you keep it and wear it in remembrance of him and of me."

Rose Pinson rented a house in the west end of London, and there she and May lived. Rose naturally had very fair business ability; she never allowed her

expenses to overreach her income, which was over six hundred pounds per annum. She moved in what is called the "middle walk of life," although, through Le Messuerire, she might claim association with several of the first French families, and, through Charles Pinson, with some of the first people in England. She was occasionally visited by some of Le Messuerire's relatives and friends, and frequently her husband's relatives and friends called to see her.

After she was properly settled in London, she began to feel more and more the death of Charles, and May was beclouded under her first baptism of sorrow. About two months after they were settled, Captain Guinnot (then a Colonel) paid them a visit, accompanied by Jean Passquin, a lad of seventeen. To this young man May Pinson became greatly attached, and the attachment was mutual. Both were handsome and young. May had completed her fifteenth year. Young Passquin was preparing to enter the French army. Before he left London he became engaged to May.

Jean's mother was wealthy, and could trace her family back to the old French aristocracy. It was the wish of Madame Guinnot that her son would become a soldier, and the son's inclinations drew him toward the army. May Pinson was already a good scholar; at this time she was perfecting herself in what are sometimes called the accomplishments. She possessed an individuality all her own, and was no copyist; her head needed no check-rein. Her mother would sometimes say to her, "May, while you are recruiting, and one accomplishment after another is

becoming a part of your every day life, let common sense be their captain."

May possessed a melodious voice, and was perfectly natural in conversation and act. She, even at her tender age, despised artificial aids. The simplicity of her dress and neat-fitting garments won for her the admiration of sensible people,—the persons in whose society she loved to move. The young Frenchman and the young Anglo-Celt were directly opposites; in dress, in manner, in conversation, Jean Passquin had his models.

William Mintha remained in London sufficiently long to see Rose Pinson comfortably settled, and then left for one of the Northern English counties to visit a cousin he had not seen since they were class-mates at school. This cousin, four years previous, had inherited a title and an estate. Mintha spent several happy weeks at his relative's. His children he had with him at the old family mansion, and left them there on his return to London. He remained in London eight weeks, and again returned North. While in London his visits were frequent to the home of Rose. Both being freed from their moorings, they naturally drifted toward each other.

In a few days Mintha returned South, bringing with him his daughter Kate, who was in her fifteenth year. He was persuaded by his cousin to leave the two younger children at the old family seat, where they would have the advantage of a good school and good training. Kate, while visiting at her father's relative, was said to be the handsomest girl in all the Northern

counties. She was placed under the guardianship of Rose Pinson, and May and she became fast friends.

Mintha had to return to New Zealand, business called him thither. Kate was attending a day school in London, and every other arrangement being completed, he sailed for the colony where he had accumulated most of his fortune.

During his stay in England, slowly but surely he and Rose were being drawn more closely together, the old power of attraction was between them, years of separation seemed to have increased its force, for when Will Mintha and Rose Pinson sat near each other in the cozy little room at the home in the West-end, May would sometimes, with a smile at the corners of her lips and a twinkle in her eye, say to Kate, "Your pa and my ma are so quiet, I fear a love stroke has left its passing effect and they are in a kind of happy and pleasant paralysis."

In due time Mintha arrived in New Zealand, and disposed of mining property at Waipore, Waitahana, Gully and other places, sold out most of his property in Melbourne and Sydney, and settled up his business in the colony. He found himself to be worth one million and a half dollars, and had decided to retire from business and live on his income.

William Mintha had been a most successful business gentleman; though active, shrewd and persevering, he was never a slave to business, neither had he a passionate love of wealth. He possessed far too much wisdom, and his nature was too well balanced to be classed with that lower strata of mankind who fret and fuss

for more, and whose passion is like unto that of a drunkard, whose every nerve is twitching, whose brain is unsteady and excited, and every pore of whose being is crying, "give, give!" or "grab, grab!" Those inebriated with the passion for gold, and those inebriated with the passion for strong drink are both objects of pity and sympathy; the reclamation of the former, as far as human endeavour is concerned, is impossible, the reclamation of the latter possible. This was William Mintha's opinion of men who thirst for gold, and add drunkenness to thirst.

He remained in the colony six months, and then left for the country of his birth. A day or two before leaving Dunedin, and while talking to a friend, a young gentleman of about twenty summers came out of the London Hotel, situated on the corner of Prince and Jetty streets, and accosting Mintha, said:

"Sir, I beg your pardon for my intrusion, but I was told in the hotel that you could inform me when the next steamer of the New Zealand Shipping Company sailed for England."

Mintha replied, "In a few minutes I am going to the office of the Company; if you are not in too great a hurry you may accompany me. We will not have far to go, as the office is on the corner of Crawford and Water streets; there we will receive full particulars."

Together they went to the office. The young man received the information, thanked Mintha, and left.

A few days later William Mintha sailed for home on board the steamship "Aorangi." He found that the young man of twenty summers was also a passenger on

board the ship. During the passage they became well acquainted, and Mintha took quite a fancy to the young fellow, whom he found well educated and of good address. He was of fine physical proportions, and good looking. The young man was a native of Australia, where he had been educated; he was proceeding to England to enter the British army. His name was Celeste Austin Raftin. He had been in New Zealand visiting an aunt, (a sister of his mother who was connected with one of the first families of the colony), a family with whom Mintha had been most intimate.

On arriving in London, young Raftin was introduced to the friends of the Minthas and Pinsons, and soon formed a circle of acquaintances. In the fall of 1888 he became betrothed to Kate Carney Mintha, and in the spring of 1889 they were married. Young Raftin is a son of the Australian book-maker. His father is a millionaire. Celeste is at present with his regiment in one of Her Majesty's colonies.

Shortly after the marriage of Celeste and Kate, Lieutenant Jean Passquin and May Pinson were also united as man and wife. Passquin and his wife are living in France. In June last William Mintha and Rose Pinson, following in the wake of their daughters, came to the meeting of the waters. They were privately married. Rose proposed as a sort of prelude to their bridal tour, that she and Will should visit Ireland and journey to the South-West coast, and visit the place of their first acquaintance and love. Will was perfectly agreed, and they started the morning of their

union, and in due time reached the old familiar spot on Erin's rugged coast. They found everything looking much the same as when the "Green Isle" laid shattered on the rocks. The old cabin was there, occupied by a family named O'Gorman, who were very poor and wretched in their lives. The old bars were there, but bent and broken with decay. At the bars Will and Rose rested for two hours. They were in full view of the spot where the "Green Isle" had struck in the terrible November storm. As they looked out upon the never-ending waters, Will took the hand of Rose in his own, and said :

"My wife, perhaps the only fault a husband might find in you is, that you love too broadly; your love scarcely seems to me to be of earth, it bears an immortal stamp. Twenty-two years have gone into the flood of the past since our hearts were here united; the love of those days was youthful, but unalloyed. In the twenty-two years you have loved others."

"Yes;" she replied, "when I clasped your hand in mine as we stood on this very spot twenty-two years ago, I sealed the vow I made beneath the cabin home the night before. I loved you then, and have ever loved you since; and had I married you then, I should never have married another. That love I believe to have been immortal; but the immortal love of my soul being unsatisfied, I was drawn toward those whose nature seemed to beat in harmony with my own, and satisfy my mortal, my bodily love,—the love of heart, but not of the soul. I cannot, dear Will, better explain to you the feelings of my love. When two souls unite

that were destined to be united on earth, they must be truly happy. Are we not born in pairs? The designs of the immortal God have been upset by mortal man and woman. Much of the misery in the world comes from getting these pairs badly mixed. Many men have other men's wives, and many women other women's husbands."

"It's a deep subject," replied Will; "so long as we are happy, what matter? I feel that we are immortally yoked. I loved Kate because I loved you; that love was accidental, not designed."

"Will," said Rose, "the subject is deep. Why now bother ourselves with the subject, for do we not enjoy the substance? I'll give you the whole thing in an acorn shell,—'There are many so-called ones that are two, and few two that are one.'

"Well done!" exclaimed Will. "Solomon could hardly have made it clearer. We are of the few, but still we are a Rose and a Shamrock."

"Yes," replied Rose, "we are;" at the same time throwing her arms tightly around Will's neck, and continuing,—

"As Rose and Shamrock we entwine,
Bound by immortal ties,
To brighter bloom and brighter shine,
In love that never dies."

"Yes, yes!" said Will.

"This isle so green hath charms for me,
It gave a Rose to bloom,
I plucked it as from off the sea,
And lost it quite as soon."

Rose, still clinging to Will, replied:—

“A Shamrock and a Rose in one
We evermore shall be,
Yet Gladstone’s work will ne’er be done
Till Erin’s Isle’s like me.”

She then turned her head on one side, and, smiling sweetly, looked into her husband’s face, pressed his lips to hers, and softly whispered, “Clinging to England in love.”

“Yes, yes!” replied her husband, “There are enterprises, civil as well as military, which sometimes check the current of events, give a new turn to human affairs, and transmit their consequences through ages. Unfortunately, we may not yet say that the masses of Ireland have become free; but it is at least true that freedom is now within their reach. That the way has been cleared for this advance is due in part to the Grand Old Man, backed by some of the noblest minds of England and Scotland, and many of the best spirits of the rank and file of the masses. If God continues to prosper the work—which grant He may—you and I, dear Rose, unless suddenly called hence, shall see here begun a work which shall last for ages. We shall see planted here a new society, in the principles of the fullest liberty and the purest religion. From the simplicity of a social and political union, there shall arise wise and politic constitutions of government, full of the liberty which we ourselves breathe.”

As they were about to leave the old spot and step to the carriage that was to convey them away, Rose clasped her hands, and, kneeling upon the ground, uttered the following beautiful lines:—

“O! God of nations! praise be thine,
Without Thy help all powers decline,
And all their labors fail.
Of Thy great mercy grant, I pray,
To hasten in the joyful day
This Celtic race shall hail.”

On their way to a beautiful home in the North of England, Mintha and his wife remained a day or two in Dublin. In that city they met Fannie, daughter of Jim O'Neill, and wife of a prominent Irish gentleman. As Will and Rose left for home, Fannie and her husband called at the hotel in Sackville Street to bid them good-bye.

At parting, Fannie said, “Rose, we met yesterday under quite different circumstances from those under which we met when you came over to Liverpool with your father; and I, the daughter of a poor but honest Irish labourer, welcomed and embraced you as you stepped on shore. As we have risen step by step in England, so may all our brethren and sisters in this unhappy island, who now are crushed and groaning under poverty and ignorance, gradually rise to intellectual, social and honourable positions, when British justice finds its way across the channel, and cheers and brightens every cabin home around this rugged coast and enters the homes of the lowly-born scattered over this fair and fertile land.”

With bowed heads and tears streaming down their cheeks, they clasped each other's hands, and for five minutes they stood as though in silent prayer. Rose then threw her left arm around Fannie's neck, and said, “My dear, the storm is about ended, and the ship

wreck is near completed,—the surges of sorrow are being calmed as the darkness is fading away. There is a faint light along the shore, and, with increasing strength, it must soon play upon every hill-top and stream in the valleys; every cottage and cabin shall smile with its brightness, and the youth grow and flourish in its flood. As we have improved our social and intellectual positions on the other side of the channel, amid the light and liberty of England, so shall all on this side the narrow water soon partake of the glory. Be patient, Fannie, and our country will soon cease to mourn."

As they stood united, and about to part, tears refused to roll in sympathy down their anxious faces, and Rose repeated these closing lines,—

"There are times of stormy anguish
When the tears refuse to fall,
But the waiting time, my sister,
Is the hardest time of all.

"But we know a day is coming
That shall change our country's fate;
Then our hearts will thank God meekly
That he taught us how to wait."

Doctor Jonathan Bunker Jathmell is now living in one of the States of the glorious Union, with his wife and family. He was elected in the fall of 1888 (shortly after his return from the East) to represent a constituency in one of the State Legislatures, and is now known as the Hon. Jonathan Bunker Jathmell.

Time brings great changes. Twenty-two years ago Fannie's neck, and J. B. Jathmell was ploughing the billows of the Atlantic ended, and the ship ocean, with a remedy in a chest to amend the Constitu-

tion of Englishmen; now he sits in a cabinet regulating the Constitution of a State, and, it may be, professionally claiming to lighten the burdens of his countrymen, while practically filling his "puss."

The brothers of Rose Mintha are in comfortable circumstances, occupying respectable positions in English society.

Captain Letzen holds a responsible position in the service of his country, and his son is said to have been an officer on board one of the German men-of-war during the great storm in Apia Bay,—the storm through which the British frigate "Calliope" so miraculously escaped.

William Mintha and his wife now live in a beautiful English home; and in full view of those who enter the spacious hall of the splendid house, is an excellent painting of the "Green Isle," as she lay stranded upon the rocks the morning after the wreck, and of the little cabin home of the Carney's, in the shadow of which Will Mintha became engaged to Rose Carney, and first embraced her.



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—AND—

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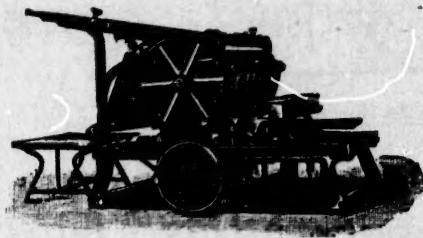
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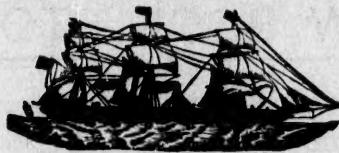
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